





ISAAC FOOT





# THE STORY OF PLYMOUTH,

For Young and Old.

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BY

W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R., HIST. SOC.,

Borough Librarian, Plymouth.

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*WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.*

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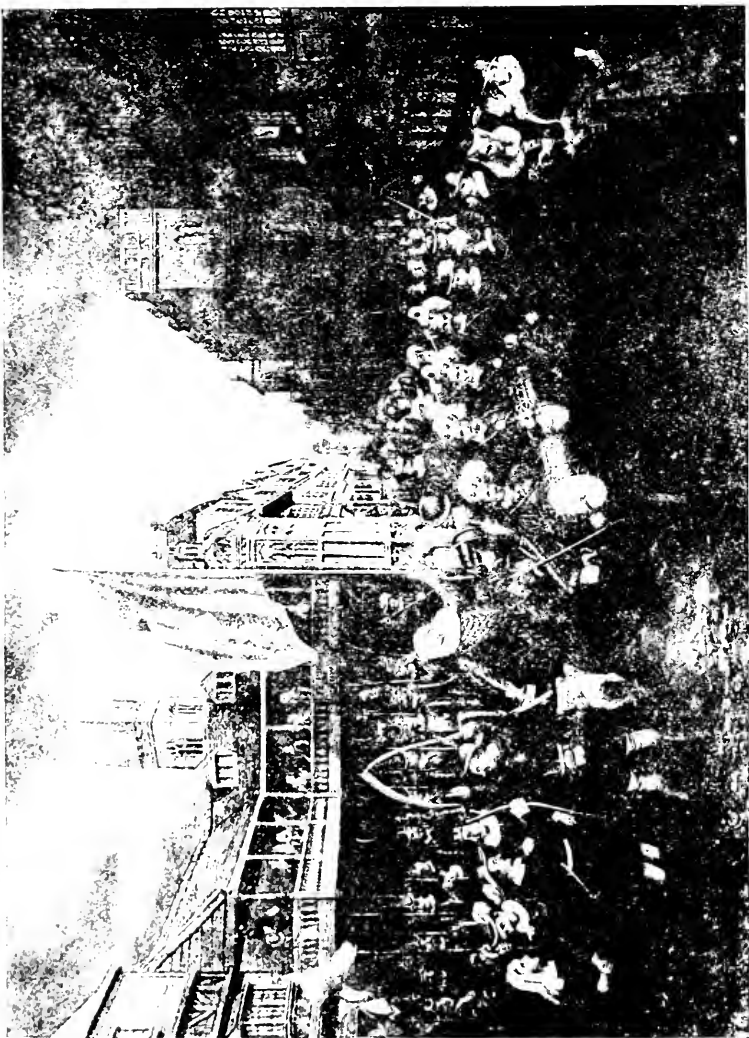
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RAISING THE STANDARD.



# THE STORY

OF

## PLYMOUTH.

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"Plymouth, old Plymouth, proud Queen of the West,  
Bright shineth thy record in story;  
Thy sons were of old 'mongst the bravest and best  
That fought for Old England and glory."

EVERY boy and girl has heard or read of the daring exploits of Sir Francis Drake, "first of England's Vikings, as a Sailor," whose name fills so large a space in our Naval Annals. They have also read of his friend and companion, Sir John Hawkins; of the brave but ill-fated Sir Walter Raleigh; of the Brothers Gilbert, who discovered Newfoundland, and many other great Devonshire heroes, who served Queen Elizabeth on sea and on land.

"The brave old men of Devonshire  
'Tis worth a world to stand,  
As Devon's sons on Devon's soil,  
Though infants of the band;  
And tell Old England to her face,  
If she is great in fame,  
'Twas good old heart of Devon oak,  
That won her glorious name."



And every school boy knows how the vaunted "Invincible Armada" of Spain approached our shores and tried to invade our little island; how they were repulsed and defeated by the pluck of these same Sea Kings, and how few were left to tell the tale.

Coming to later times—of which we shall speak more in detail presently—you have all heard of the Civil War, when Charles the First and his army fought against Cromwell and the forces of the Parliament; how they besieged Plymouth, and tried to stamp out the Puritan cause in the West.

Again, who has not read of that little band of Pilgrims who embarked on board the "Mayflower" in Plymouth Sound, and bore across the Atlantic the seeds of that mighty Empire, which we know to-day as the United States of America.

These, and the voyages of Captain Cook, and many other expeditions destined to extend the British Empire, were for the most part associated with Plymouth.

The design of this little book is to tell of these men and of their daring deeds, and to tell you something of the story of this ancient town, which for centuries has borne a leading part in our great national history; the town which was the home or birthplace of many of these valiant men, and on this account has occupied a position of great interest and importance.

"Plymouth, old Plymouth, Mother of full forty  
Plymouths up and down the wide world; this  
is the Mother Plymouth sitting by the sea!"

The story of this Mother town, which cannot be told in few words, must assuredly be of interest to

the youth of England, and particularly to the youth of Devonshire, seeing that here, if anywhere, is the cradle of our Navy, the birth-place of our Empire, the nursery of our Colonial possessions.

But, although the children in our schools now-a-days are familiar with many of the landmarks of English History, although they can give you the date of the landing of William the Conqueror, the signing of Magna Charta, the Defeat of the Armada, the Civil War and the Execution of Charles the First, and the Landing of William of Orange in Torbay—it is open to doubt if they have more than an elementary knowledge of the beginnings of history or the first steps which led to and brought about such important and far-reaching results as those to which we have referred.

Little do the children of Plymouth who daily go to school in Palace Street Corporation School realise that on the very spot where they now assemble to receive elementary instruction, the great Princess Katherine of Arragon, one of the luckless wives of King Henry the Eighth, passed her first days in England more than four centuries ago. There she rested, there she was entertained by a wealthy merchant of Plymouth in that "goodlie house towards the haven," known to many generations of Plymouthians as Palace Court, a name still retained, although little if any of the old building remains.

Then, again, how many among the hundreds of townspeople who now pass up and down High Street, St. Andrew's Street, and the other streets converging on the quays, think of the days when Drake and Raleigh and Grenville and all the great sea captains

of Queen Elizabeth's days went to and fro to their ships or visited their friends in those narrow but picturesque old streets, full as they were of quaint and curious houses, quaint and curious at least to our modern eyes.

What of the Hoe and its old-time associations, of the many stirring scenes which have been witnessed from its lofty height, long before the Citadel was built, or the light of Winstanley's tower shone out from the Eddystone reef, to guide weary and storm-tossed mariners to a haven of rest and safety.

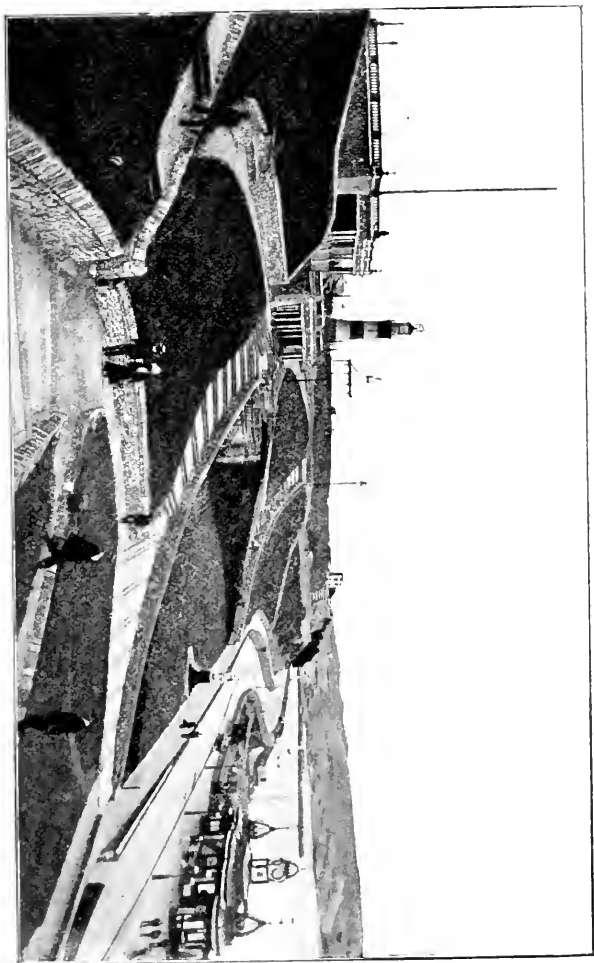
These things seem like dreams to us, but they were all real to the boys and girls of Plymouth in the days of long ago.

So much then as a preliminary.

Now let us look a little more closely into the story of Plymouth—Imperial Plymouth, let us rake up the old musty traditions of the long-buried past, suiting our words as far as possible to the minds and capacities of the boys and girls of to-day, although we trust that our story may not be without interest for people of older growth.

The story of Plymouth may be rightly described as without beginning, for our peeps into the dim and misty past seem obscured by a veil that hides much that we should like to know.

Many centuries ago, before the name of Plymouth was invented (for it has not always been so-called), men fished and hunted, fought and wrangled here, even as they have done in every age before and since. But the record of their doings is lost.



PLYMOUTH, HOE.

Remember, there were then no books, no newspapers, no printing press to hand down the events to future generations. Such stories and happenings as there were, and they were few and far between, were handed down from father to son, from generation to generation, with additions and alterations as seemed good to the tellers. Thus we get our traditions, and thus our early history was made.

What a contrast to our own time, when events happening to-day are published all over the land to-morrow, with pictorial illustrations.

Just imagine if you can what sort of a place was Plymouth three thousand years ago, when Brutus the Trojan landed on these shores and invaded Britain—Albion as it was then called.

We are told that there were giants in these parts in those days, especially in Cornwall, men of huge size and enormous strength. Champion wrestlers were they, always ready to try a fall with any opponents, and ever ready to meet their foes in the field.

So it happened on a day that when Brutus and his Trojans were marauding and ravaging the West country and making prisoners of the poor half savage inhabitants, one Corinæus, an officer of Brutus's army, and a very powerful man, challenged a Cornish giant named Goemagot, or Gogmagog, to mortal combat; and the spot chosen for this deed of arms was the slope of the Hoe, most probably on the Eastern Hoe, near Lambhay, where the Carolian Citadel now stands.

It was a terrific combat, for both men were renowned fighters, the Trojan as a skilful man of arms,

with weapons and knowledge up-to-date, the Cornish man famous as a wrestler—for, as you know, the Cornish are world-famous in this respect, even to the present day.

In some respects this combat was like that of David and Goliath—but with this difference, that whereas David depended upon his sling and stone, and Goliath upon his sword and strength; in this the two combatants depended entirely upon their strength and endurance rather than upon their weapons, for these they discarded altogether.

Now just picture to yourselves this great wrestling match—the Trojans on the one side confident of victory, owing to the scientific skill of their champion; on the other the Cornishmen, or giants, as they are called in the old chronicles, waiting for the fray. Then out step the combatants, ready to try a fall, the Cornish giant Gogmagog towering up above his antagonist, “full eighteen feet in height,” while the other, although a man of fine stature and physique, looked but a child before his huge antagonist or rival.

Rivals they were on that day, undoubtedly, and to the conqueror was to fall the fair land, the Duchy of Cornwall, only divided from Devonshire by the narrow strip of water, the Hamoaze.

You boys who play football and cricket in the playing fields in and around Plymouth, and who go to see matches between the players, will readily understand the excitement and enthusiasm amongst the lookers-on, on the Hoe, as these two mighty champions met. Doubtless they hailed them with cheers and

shouted as one or another got the best of it; and when the final throw was made and Corinaeus pitched the Cornish giant headlong into the sea, the shouts of triumph from the Trojans and the cries of alarm and disappointment from the followers of Goemagot must have been as great as those we hear sometimes when twenty thousand persons are assembled together at Home Park or the Rectory Ground for a football match, or at South Devon Place for a cricket match.

Well, the victory was with the stranger, who thus became lord of Cornwall, which was so called after him, the Corinaeus Trojan.

Now let me give you a full and more graphic description of this great wrestling match, written in quaint language by a great poet—Michael Drayton—nearly three hundred years ago. Although you may not be able to understand all the words, owing to their quaintness and old-fashioned spelling, I think it will be a lesson for you and likely to fix this interesting old tradition more firmly in your memories than any words which we can give:—

“Upon that loftie place at Plimmonth, call’d the Hoe,  
Those mightie wrestlers met: with many an irefull looke,  
Who threat’ned as the one hold of the other tooke:  
But grappled, glowing fire shines in their sparkling eyes,  
And, whilst at length of arme one from the other lyes,  
Their lusty sinewes swell like cables, as they strive,  
Their feet such trampling make, as though they forced to drive  
A thunder out of earth, which, stagger’d with the weight,  
Thus either’s utmost force urged to the greatest height,  
Whilst one upon his hips the other seeks to lift,  
And th’ adverse (by a turn) doth from his cunning shift,  
Their short-fetcht troubled breath a hollow noise doth make,  
Like bellows of a forge. Then *Corin* up doth take  
The giant ’twixt the groins; and voiding of his hold  
(Before his cumbrous feet he well recover could),

Pitcht headlong from the hill ; as when a man doth throw  
 An axtree, that with slight delivered from the toe  
 Roots up the yielding earth, so that his violent fall  
 Shook Neptune with such strength as shoulder'd him withal ;  
 That where the monstrous waves like mountains late did stand,  
 They leapt out of the place, and left the bared sand  
 To gaze upon wide Heaven, so great a blow it gave,  
 For which the Conquering Brute on Corineus brave  
 This horn of land bestow'd, and markt it with his name  
 Of *Corin*, Cornwall call'd to his immortal fame."

In the foregoing you have this curious old story told first in modern language, and secondly in the poetical language of a writer who flourished in the sixteenth century.

It is an interesting fact that for hundreds of years a picture of this scene was preserved, cut in the turf, and renewed from time to time at the expense of the Corporation ; and this was on Plymouth Hoe, near the reputed scene of this mortal combat.

It may also be interesting to you to know that it is generally supposed that the name Lambhay, or "leap-field," has some remote connection with this event.

Pass we on now to other scenes and other events, until we gradually bring the story of old Plymouth down to historic times, and the record of facts for which there can be no shadow of doubt.

Now, who and what sort of people were they who inhabited this far-away corner of Britain in those early days—for you must remember we are speaking of a time centuries before the Romans invaded this island, and when the name of Norman was unknown. That they were a mixed race is tolerably certain, that they were only partially civilised is also equally certain.





They appear to have been Nomads, or Wanderers, having no settled home or habitation, and that they had to fight their way from place to place; for this is the evidence we get from the stone rows, the hut villages, and the other remains of prehistoric man still to be seen on Dartmoor.

You have heard of Stonehenge and the so-called Druids. Well, there are remains on Dartmoor almost as wonderful as Stonehenge, and quite as old, and telling very nearly the same story of primeval man.

Many of these early inhabitants were miners, who delved for tin on Dartmoor, and traded with the Phœnicians, who came over for that purpose; many others were breeders of cattle, while others were mere tillers of the soil and serfs.

Some of the remains of these early Britons of the locality have recently been discovered in caves at Cattedown, Oreston, and Stonehouse; and if you will go to the Museum at the Athenæum, in Plymouth, you will have an object lesson of great interest; for you will there be shown the actual bones of some of these prehistoric men mixed with the bones of the lion, the wolf, and other wild animals now extinct in England, which were found in these caves.

British coins, too, have been found over on Staddon Heights, showing that there must have been an encampment there at some time or another.

As I told you before, Plymouth was not always Plymouth, for in reality that is a comparatively modern name.

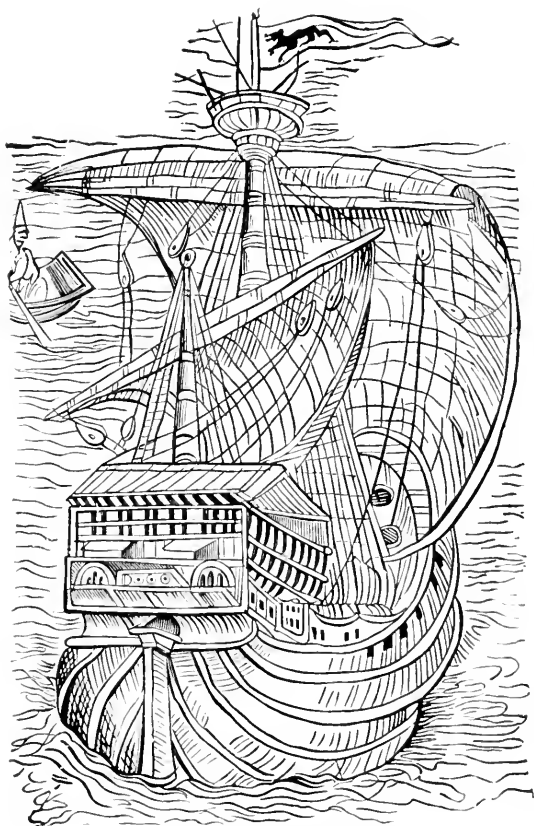
Old writers tell us that the place was formerly called Tamarweorth, meaning "a river island," but whether this applied to the whole district, or to what we now call Drake's Island, or to the high ground between Millbay and Cattewater is open to conjecture. Water certainly covered much of the site of Stonehouse, as well as the low-lying lands near Lipson and Laira.

But, however this may be, it is interesting to know how Plymouth, our Plymouth, has gradually developed.

If you were to look at old maps of the town and its surroundings you would notice that some districts now covered by streets and terraces to the east of the town were under water; and our fathers and grandfathers recollected Union Street, before it had been reclaimed from the sea, as one great swamp where people used to go to shoot snipe and other wild birds of the sea and the marsh lands. What a change!

But we must pass on rapidly to talk of the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, each in their turn, gradually bringing our story down to those more historic times which we have already foreshadowed.

We do not know for certain that the Romans ever had a settlement here as they had at Exeter. History is silent on this point; but local discoveries go a little way to prove that they must have come this way, for we read of Roman coins having been found in different parts, of a Roman galley or canoe having been dug up near Plympton, and of a Roman road, called The Ridge, that ran through Devon and



AN ANCIENT WAR SHIP.

Cornwall. Hence the name Ridgway. But this is mere conjecture, the only real proof we have of Roman occupation being the discovery of a few relics of antiquity.

But when we come down to Saxon times we are on firmer ground, although even here the written records do not help us much.

We have certainly a statement in the *Saxon Chronicle*, that in the year 997 the Danes sailed up the Tamar, and burnt the minster of Tavistock. Then again we are told that the Saxons defeated the Danes in the year 851 at Wicganbeorge. Some identify this place as Wembury, the "Viking's earthwork;" others ascribe it variously to Okenbury and Wickaborough. But, as Mr. Worth points out, the place names let in light where other evidences are not clear, and we find many instances of terms which show their Saxon origin. Into these we need not enter, as we do not desire to give mere technical details or bare facts in this our Story of Plymouth; more attractive themes are awaiting us.

After the Romans and the Saxons came the days of the Normans, and we are now on much firmer ground, for here we see the beginnings of our history, trustworthy and recorded.

But even at that time we do not find any place named Plymouth. It was then known as Sutton, or South Town, and not until long afterwards was it named after the river which flows into the sea at the eastern extremity of the harbour—the Plym.

You are doubtless aware that when William the Norman conquered England he had a return made of

the number of people, the land or other property they held, and other interesting information, or, as an old Chronicle tells us :—

“The King sent his men over all England into every shire, and caused to be ascertained what or how much each man had who was a holder of land in England, in land or in cattle, and how much money it might be worth. So very narrowly he caused it to be traced out, that there was not one single hide, nor one yard of land, nor even—it is shame to tell, though it seemed to him no shame to do—an ox, nor a cow, nor a swine was left that was not set down in his writ.”

This report or return was carefully drawn up by the King's officers, and written on parchment, and it is still preserved in the Record Office in London, in two big volumes. Don't forget when you go to London to ask your parents or the friends with whom you are staying to take you first to the Tower of London and then to the Record Office to see the Domesday Book, for here you will find an epitome of the History of England.

Fancy these books, written by the clerks employed by William I., and containing a sort of Directory of all the people then living in England, with an account of the property they held, being preserved through all these centuries, and still readable to those who understand the curious old Latin words and phrases of nearly a thousand years ago.

But you may ask how all this affects Plymouth. Well, in this way—Plymouth appears in this book as Sutone, or Sudtone, for names were variously spelt in

the good old days, and even in much later times, few people being able to read or write or spell, and the clergy were the only people who possessed any book-learning—besides which there were very few books in existence, and those few were written with great labour and skill by the old monks. Some of these early books are to be seen in the Cathedral Library at Exeter, many of course are at the British Museum, and the other great Libraries, public and private, in the kingdom.

Sutton was divided into two parts, that on the east, which was called Sutton Prior, belonged to the Church, or rather to the Priors of Plympton, and included that portion of the town at and near the water side, now called Sutton Pool. Thus you will see how the old name of Sutton has been preserved through all these centuries.

On the west there was a part called Sutton Valletort, or Vautort, this family being lords of the manor, and owning great estates, doubtless given to them by William the Conqueror when he parcelled out the land amongst his favourite nobles and servants.

The present lord of the manor of East Stonehouse (the Sutton of past days) is the Earl of Mount Edgumbe, whose eldest son and heir bears the title of Viscount Valletort, thus perpetuating another ancient name.

The De Valletorts were at one time Lords of Trematon, and were favourites of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who was the son of King John. Moreover, this Richard was styled King of the Romans, and his daughter eventually became wife of Ralph De Valletort.

The Priors of Plympton were all-powerful in the West; they exercised a kind of jurisdiction over a great portion of the town in the twelfth century, and exacted fees and dues from all loyal Churchmen. They had a magnificent Priory at Plympton, the remains of which were recently uncovered, and revealed the extent and importance of the building.

The De Valletorts were for a time friendly with the Priors of Plympton, but towards the end of the twelfth century disputes arose, and the estates again lapsed to the Crown. They passed down through the centuries to the Cole, Shepcott, Hawkins, Spoure, and Bewes families, and by the latter (although the manor has long since gone) some of the land is still in the possession of the Bewes' family or of its branches.

Up to the end of the thirteenth century we do not hear much of the doings of the men of Plymouth, or Sutton. The community was small, probably not more than one hundred at the Domesday Survey; and at a much later date the place was described by Leland, the antiquary (who journeyed thither in the reign of Henry VIII.), as "a mene place, a habitation for fischars." "Mene" in this case signifies small, or insignificant.

Thus from very early times the inhabitants of Plymouth gained their livelihood from and upon the sea, and it may be that amongst the sturdy trawlers and fishermen, whom one sees on the Barbican now-a-days, there may be direct descendants of the men who adventured their lives and their all, in their tiny fishing craft, upon the rough waters of the Channel, six or seven hundred years ago.



Most of the people followed the sea; their houses clustered around the water side; there were no docks, no quays, no harbour in those days, the waves lapped the shore in all directions, and the mariners of Plymouth were just as much at home when afloat as on the dry land, and so they played their part.

When we come down to the middle of the thirteenth century we find evidences of activity and of a fuller Municipal life, for a market was established here in the year 1253; also a Three Days' Fair, generally held in the spring. The Fair has been abolished within living memory, but the Market is still carried on, and is a source of considerable revenue to the Corporation.

A few years later (in the year 1292) the town first received the distinction of sending members to Parliament, its first representatives being William of Stoke (or Stoke Damerel) and Nicholas C. Rydeley. We do not know how long these men remained in office, or whether the town continued to send representatives from the date named up to the granting of the Charter. The Parliaments were very irregular in those days, and depended very much on the caprice of the King. But in process of time things improved, and the returns of Members to Parliament were more regular and satisfactory.

During the reign of Edward II. disputes arose between the men of Sutton and the Priors of Plympton, and again in the reign of Edward III. there were fresh disagreements, which, although invariably going in favour of the Church, eventually led to the granting of a Charter of Incorporation.

About this time the Black Prince became Duke of Cornwall, with large possessions in Devonshire, and these included what we now know as Sutton Pool. The present Prince of Wales still retains jurisdiction over much of the land in and around Plymouth.

We are now nearing stirring times, and times of great importance for Plymouth. It is difficult to realise, with the knowledge we possess of the great cities of the Empire, and especially of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Leeds, Newcastle, Birmingham, Bradford, and many others, that in the year 1337 Plymouth was one of the largest towns in the kingdom—London, York, and Bristol alone exceeding it in point of population.

It is estimated that there were at that time about 7,000 inhabitants, a large proportion of them being engaged in fishing and other sea-going pursuits.

Naturally this large increase in population led the sturdy burghers of the town to sigh for freedom from the thralldom of the Church, and so they applied to the King for a Charter of Incorporation, which, after years of fighting in the Law Courts and the Ecclesiastical Courts, was granted. This was in the year 1439.

Now you may ask what does this Charter mean, and how did it affect the town. Well, briefly, before this time the burghers of Plymouth had to pay taxes to the Priors of Plympton, who were lords both spiritual and temporal. Needless to say these taxes were paid with a very bad grace, and there was continual friction and trouble between the two parties. The Charter made the town a Free Borough, with a Mayor and Corporation, and the right to govern themselves, to

hold lands, to levy rates, and to take all necessary precautions for the defence of the town against foes or marauders.

Plymouth occupies the unique position of being the first town receiving a Charter from the Parliament, previous to which time Charters were granted by the King, mostly for a monetary consideration. In consequence of this the Mayor of Plymouth takes precedence of the Mayors of many other cities and towns in public functions and Royal and Civic Receptions.

We do not know for certain who was the first Mayor of Plymouth, for there were undoubtedly men in office in that capacity long before the Charter was granted in 1439; but we do know who was the first Mayor elected after the Charter was received, and we have some interesting particulars of the man himself. His name was William Kethriche, and he is described as "one of the more honest and discreet men" then dwelling within the borough. Moreover, he was a "little squat man," "remarkable alike for the shooting of the strong-bow and his prodigious appetite."

Of course you know that in those days the use of fire-arms was scarcely known, and every adult had to become a proficient in the use of the bow, the principal weapon of offence and defence.

As to the Mayor's appetite, this is borne out by the description which has been handed down to us of his Mayoralty Feast; for he had a pie made fourteen feet long and four feet broad; and in it were all sorts of fish, flesh, and fowl that could be procured. Of course there was no oven in the town big enough to

bake this prodigious pie, so one had to be erected for the occasion. "As big as Kethriche's pie" became a proverb from that time forth.

Now we must go back a bit, to tell of the raids on Plymouth and the counter-raids by Plymouth men on their long-time foes, the Bretons, natives of Brittany, in France.

Naturally as the town increased in size and importance, and as its fisheries developed, it became a source of jealousy and heart burning to our neighbours across the Channel, and many were the occasions when they raided the town, burning and pillaging as was their wont.

Even so early as the reign of Edward I., it is recorded that the King was at Plymouth with a fleet of 325 ships, on the way to France; and in 1339, on the 20th of May, there was a determined assault on the place by a French fleet. They burnt several ships, and attacked the town, but were defeated and driven off by the Earl of Devon, with a loss of five hundred men as against eighty of the defenders.

Those were indeed stirring times. But the culmination came a few years later, in 1347, when Edward III. sailed to France with a fleet of 700 ships, of which Plymouth contributed 26 ships and 603 men.

Just imagine what a glorious sight that must have been as viewed from the Hoe, the sailing of that great fleet !

But events of this kind now crowd upon us, for in 1348 another large fleet was got together in the Western ports to escort Princess Joan to France, she being affianced to the heir to the King of Castile.

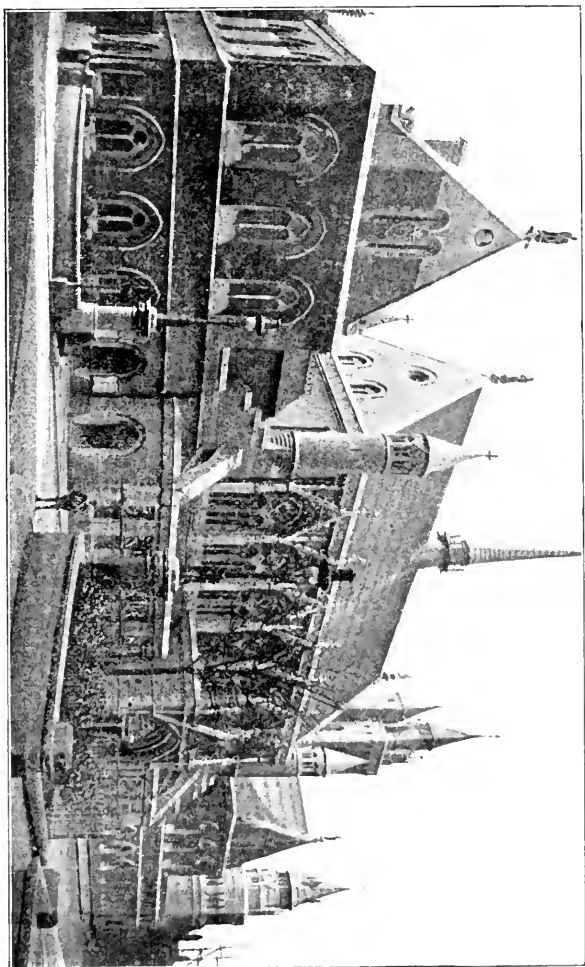
Again, we read of the landing of the Black Prince at Plymouth on his return to this country after the battle of Crecy.

Although but a lad (he was only fifteen), he appears to have gained laurels in the fight, and to have borne himself right nobly. It is recorded that he was entertained at dinner by the Prior of Plympton, and that he was rowed up to the Priory in a boat. This fact will enable you to realise, better than anything we can say, the change which has come over the district around Plympton since the days of Edward the Third. To go to Plympton now-a-days in a boat would be impossible, and even when the tide is in and the river in flood you cannot get within a couple of miles of Plympton.

Now I want you, as soon as possible after reading these pages, to pay a visit to Plymouth Guildhall, and to look at the painted windows there. You will see one (the end window, North side, nearest the Post Office) which depicts the scene supposed to have taken place when the Plymouth fishermen made their protest before the Court against paying tribute to the Priors of Plympton any longer. This window, therefore, commemorates the Incorporation of the town.

Then, if you will go to the other side of the Hall you will find a window with the figure of the Black Prince (so called because of his black armour) superintending the embarkation of his troops for France.

All these windows are of great local interest, and tell the story of Old Plymouth in vivid fashion. We shall speak of the other windows later as they fit into our narrative.



PLYMOUTH GUILDHALL.

We must pass over other visits of Edward III. and the Black Prince very briefly; how they laid siege to Calais; how they fought the great battle of Poitiers, as you will read in your histories, and took as prisoners the French King and many of his nobles, landing with them at Plymouth.

For many years Plymouth suffered great depredations at the hands of the French, who again and again sacked and burnt the town, taking away booty and prisoners. On one memorable occasion they are reported to have burnt some six hundred houses. This was in 1402, the force of the invaders being under the command of the Sieur de Castell, Lord of Brittany. Stowe, an old historian, says:—

“The Breton Amoritees, the Lord of Castell being their Leader, invaded the towne of Plymouth, spoyled and brent it, and went their way free; but immediately the westerne navie, under the conduct of William Wilford, Esq., in the coast of Briton, tooke fortie ships laden with yren, oyle, sope, and wine of Rochelle, to the number of 1,000 tonne, and in returning back again he brent 30 ships, and at Penarch the said William arrived with his men, and burned townes and lordships, the space of six leagues, and set the towne of St. Matthew on fire, and the mills about the said towne.”

Wilford, it appears, was a native of Devonshire, and had therefore special reasons for fighting our ancient foes and paying the Frenchmen in their own coin.

It is interesting to note, in connection with this event, that a street was named Briton, or Breton Side, and there was another street called Catch French; but

both these names have been abolished, Briton Side being now merely a part of Exeter Street. It is a pity to remove these old historical landmarks.

The Lord of Brittany also made an attempt on Dartmouth, but with less success, for although he did much damage to the town, he did not return to tell the tale, he and many of his knights having lost their lives in the attack on that ancient seaport.

Well, all these happenings showed how defenceless the town was at that time, so in the reign of Henry IV. authority was granted to the inhabitants to fortify the town. And this was the beginning of that mighty Castle with its outworks which dominated the Eastern end of the Hoe, overlooking Cattewater and Sutton Pool, which was later replaced by the Citadel, erected in the reign of Charles II.

It is recorded that "a wall of stone and chalk, with towers, fortresses, and other defences," was built at the mouth of the harbour. A small portion of the Castle—the gate-house—may still be seen at the bottom of Lambhay Street, near the Barbican; there is also a relic of the older fortification in the shape of a Tower on the rocks at the extreme point of Fisher's Nose, Lambhay Point. Old maps show that from this point to Mount Batten on the other shore a chain was stretched to prevent marauding vessels entering the harbour. Plymouth Castle had four principal towers, hence the four Castles on the Arms of the Borough; and the names Castle Street, Castle Dyke Lane, and Barbican clearly point to their direct connection with this olden system of defence.





A BIT OF OLD PLYMOUTH RECENTLY DEMOLISHED.

Much history has necessarily been compressed into these few pages; much more might be said; but space forbids, as many matters of greater import have yet to be dealt with. But we may, in passing, refer again to the Guildhall Windows, which tell the story of Old Plymouth in a most attractive manner.

Next to the Black Prince Window, already referred to, you will find one commemorating the destruction of the town by the French as described above; and on the other side of the Hall, the second from the Westwell Street end, is a window which shews us the reception of Princess Katherine of Arragon in 1501.

Her story is a sad one. She came to England to be married to one of the young Princes, but in process of time she had the ill-luck to attract the attention of Henry VIII., and became his Queen. She came to Plymouth with a great train of nobles and servants, and she was right loyally entertained by a rich merchant, named Paynter, who lived in the fine old mansion in Stillman Street, just at the corner of High Street, called, in honour of that circumstance, Palace Court. You will remember that a school now occupies the site. In the window you will see the lady in magnificent attire, her train being borne by a negro boy—a curiosity in England in those days—while bending low before her is the merchant himself, proffering her his hospitality, which she graciously accepts. Behind him stands the Mayor in his robes of office; and amongst others who are in attendance are the Duchess of Norfolk and Lord Willoughby de Broke. The front of the old house with its quaint windows is faithfully copied from the mansion itself, which was pulled down less than a quarter of a century ago.

Speaking of the Guildhall and its historical windows reminds us that soon after the Charter was received it was found necessary to have a Borough Hall, to accommodate the Corporation and the various Trade Guilds which had been formed. Where the first Guildhall stood and at what date it was erected we do not know; possibly in Southside Street or Woolster Street, for in the latter street there is still a building known as Mayoralty Stores, and this was a couple of centuries ago known as Mayoralty House.

The building in Whimble Street, which since 1876 has done duty as a Library, was built in the year 1800, and is probably the third building erected on that site for a similar purpose; the present Guildhall having been formally opened by the present King, then Prince of Wales, and Lord High Steward of Plymouth, in 1874.

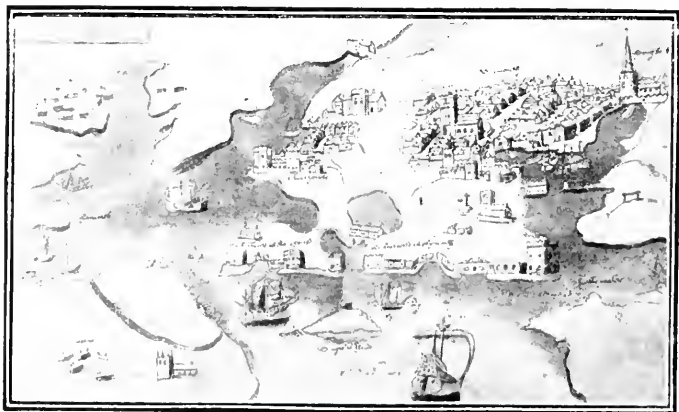
The venerable Church of St. Andrew's (known as Old Church, to distinguish it from New or Charles Church) has many interesting associations. In the first place it is a very ancient structure, though little of the original edifice now remains. The most striking feature is perhaps the noble square tower, which has weathered the storms of nearly five centuries (it was built in 1460), and looks strong enough and massive enough to last another five hundred years. It is supposed that one of the aisles was erected in 1385, the other in 1441. The Church was completely restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, the noted church builder, in 1874-5.

We are told that there was a Vicar of St. Andrew's a few years after William the Conqueror came, so that

the records of the old Church go back to the eleventh century,

Nearly everybody in Plymouth knows "The Abbey," now used as a dry-goods and grocery store; but comparatively few people realise that this fine old building, grand even in decay, was at one time the residence of the clergy connected with St. Andrew's Church. This was, of course, when our churches were all Roman Catholic.

Just opposite the Abbey was an ancient inn, known as the Turk's Head (now the Abbey Hotel), and it is very probable that this was the Church Ale House, when the clergy brewed the beer and made a profit on its sale.



*Plan of Plymouth in the time of Henry VIII.—From an Old Print.*

But for many centuries old St. Andrew's has been the centre of Plymouth life, and its graveyards contained the remains of many generations of her townsfolk. Beneath the beautiful St. Andrew's Cross, which now

stands in the centre of the pretty ornamental garden at the eastern end of Bedford Street, repose the bones of hundreds, nay, thousands of the fathers and mothers of our old town, people who lived and died here, and took their share in public life, as the centuries went by and the generations came and went, and were then laid to rest within the shadow of the old church where they had been accustomed to worship.

What stories this old church could tell if it had a tongue—of battle and strife, of riotings and merry makings, of the visits of Kings and Princes and Nobles, of the welcome accorded to the hero Drake and his brave companions returning from their adventurous voyages, and of many a scene of weeping and rejoicing, of gaiety and gloom.

The old Church is indeed a hallowed spot, hallowed by its venerable age as well as by its time-honoured associations.

Just pause a moment! When that old tower rose heavenward, a gift to the town from a merchant named Yogge, King Henry VI. was on the throne, and the country was convulsed by Civil War. This was a century and a quarter before the coming of the Armada, two hundred years before the great struggle between Charles and the Parliament, and one hundred and sixty years before the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth for New England. There through all this time of storm and stress, there the worship of God has been celebrated, under varied and constantly varying conditions, it is true—now Roman, now Protestant, but holy and reverent worship always.

Here is food for thought, that old tower standing firm amidst all the contentions of so many years.

“ Dear venerable pile, I love thine ancient mien,  
 Thou relic proud of misty years for ever flown,  
 Firm hast thou stood through many a strange and changeful scene,  
 Whilst round thee, Mother Church, a thriving town has grown;  
 Mute monument art thou of generations vast,  
 Who in thy hallowed walls have met to worship God;  
 Who in the stream of Time have for a while been cast,  
 Then turned to parent earth to mingle with the sod.

Oh! could yon massive tower which stands so firm to-day,

(A sentinel of time through ages gone before)

Find voice to reach the ears of men of kindred clay,

Much might we learn of those who lived in days of yore;

Where are the men of might who raised that firm set tower,

Who built those massive walls, these bold proportions planned?

Ask of the earth around—there lies their mouldring power,

Whilst thou, their handiwork, dost still securely stand.”

We are now approaching what may rightly be considered as the most important and interesting period of the Story of Plymouth—that which deals with the direct connection of the town with the Royal Navy of England. This topic is important from a national standpoint, and interesting to all those who have watched the gradual development of the port, both in Naval and Commercial matters.

What mighty pictures rise before us, what shades of dead heroes hover around us, what memories of glorious deeds fill our minds. We see visions of Drake and Hawkins, of Raleigh and Gilbert, of Seymour, Grenville, and Oxenham—men whose names reveal their West Country origin, and whose deeds fill many a page of English Naval History.

Listen to what Charles Kingsley has got to say about them in that prose epic of Devon—Westward Ho! Have you read Westward Ho!? If not, go



THE HISTORIC GAME OF BOWLS ON PLYMOUTH HOE, 1588.—*from the Picture by Seymour Lucas.*

and read it at once, and revel in dreams of the past, the glorious past of Devon and her great heroes :—

“ In the little terrace bowling green behind the Pelican Inn, on the afternoon of the 19th of July, 1588, chatting in groups or lounging on the sea wall, which commanded a view of the Sound and of the shipping far below, were gathered almost every notable man of the Plymouth fleet, the whole *posse comitatus* of England's forgotten worthies. . . . See those five talking earnestly in the centre of a ring, whom everyone longs to overhear, and yet is too respectful to approach close. The soft long eyes and pointed chin you recognise already ; they are Walter Raleigh's. The fair young man in the flame-coloured doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh's neck, is Lord Sheffield ; opposite them stands by the side of Sir Richard Grenville, a man as stately even as he, Lord Sheffield's uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England ; next to him is his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the Elizabeth Jonas ; but who is that short, sturdy, plainly dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up with keen grey eyes into the face of each speaker ? His cap is in his hand, so you can see the bullet-head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet firm as granite. A coarse plebeian stamp of man ; yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy ; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him—for his name is Francis Drake. A burly grizzled elder, in greasy sea



stained garments, contrasting oddly with the huge gold chain about his neck, waddles up, as if he had been born, and had lived ever since, in a gale of wind at sea. The upper part of his sharp dogged visage seems of brick-red leather, the lower of badger's fur; and as he claps Drake on the back, and with a broad Devon twang shouts, 'Be you a coming to drink your wine, Francis Drake, or be you not?—saving your presence, my lord,' the Lord High Admiral only laughs and bids Drake go and drink his wine; for John Hawkins, admiral of the Port, is the patriarch of Plymouth seamen if Drake be their hero, and says and does pretty much what he likes in any company on earth; not to mention that to-day's prospect of an Armageddon fight has shaken him altogether out of his usual crabbed reserve, and made him overflow with loquacious good humour even to his rival Drake. So they push through the crowd, wherein is many another man whom one would gladly have spoken with face to face on earth. Martin Frobisher and John Davis are sitting on that bench smoking tobacco from long silver pipes; and by them are Fenton and Withrington, who have both tried to follow Drake's path round the world, and failed, though by no fault of their own. The man who pledges them better luck next time is George Fenner, known to the 'seven Portugals,' Leicester's pet, and captain of the galleon which Elizabeth bought of him. That short prim man in the huge yellow ruff with sharp chin, minute imperial, and self-satisfied smile, is Richard Hawkins, the 'complete seaman,' Admiral John's hereafter famous and hapless son. The elder who is talking with him is his good uncle William, whose monument still stands, or should stand,

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SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

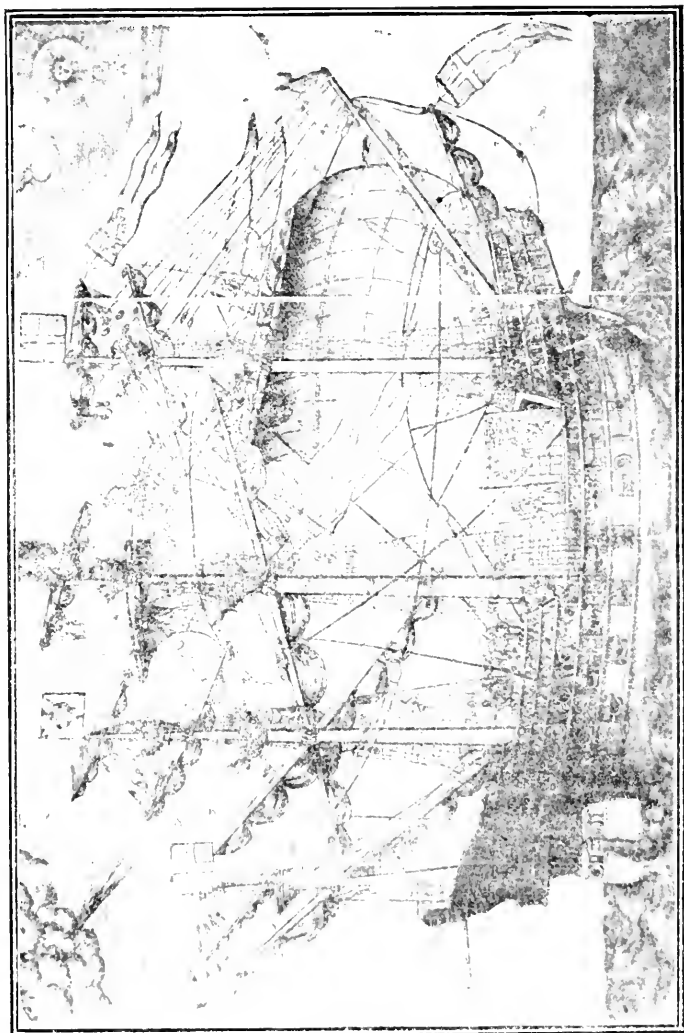
in Deptford Church; for Admiral John set it up there but one year after this time, and on it recorded how he was 'a worshipper of the true religion, an especial benefactor of poor sailors, a most just arbitrator in most difficult causes and of a singular faith, piety, and prudence.' That and the fact that he got creditably through some sharp work at Porto Rico is all I know of William Hawkins; but if you or I, reader, can have as much, or half as much, said of us when we have to follow him, we shall have no reason to complain. There is John Drake, Sir Francis's brother, ancestor of the present stock of Drakes; and there is George his nephew, a man not over wise, who has been round the world with Amyas; and there is Amyas himself, talking to one who answers him with fierce curt sentences—Captain Barker, of Bristol."

This pleasing and graphic picture brings before us all the principal characters of that remarkable era, and depicts them in vivid and true colours.

Let this brief extract from Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" be an incentive to those who read this little essay, to obtain a copy of this "prose epic," and get acquainted with it from cover to cover, learning by heart in the process some of the most stirring incidents of Elizabethan times.

Plymouth, as we have seen, had for centuries been regarded as a place of great importance as a haven for ships; but it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that it became the chief port of the West.

Up to that time England did not possess a Navy as we understand the term to-day, her fighting ships



were for the most part in private hands, owned, manned, equipped, and commanded by valiant men, some of whom made sea-going and fighting their trade, as did Drake and Hawkins, others, like Carew and Rashleigh and many other West-Country squires, gave themselves and their ships to the service of their country without stint.

In those days, should an expedition be determined upon, a mandate came from the Crown for certain ports to furnish so many ships and men, and not infrequently the cost of these volunteer fleets had to be borne by the towns and people which supplied them.

To Henry V. belongs the credit of laying the foundation of that Navy of which we are now so justly proud; but it was in the reigns of Henry VIII. and his illustrious daughter Elizabeth that its main development took place. And let it not be forgotten by the Plymouth boys and girls of to-day that it was William Hawkins, a Plymouth man, to whom was entrusted the formation of a Navy, and the building of the King and Queen's ships. His son, the famous Sir John Hawkins, the "Sea Dog of Devon," as he has been termed by a recent biographer, took up the work on the death of his father, and proved himself one of the foremost seamen and commanders of his time.

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,  
 Here's to the bold and free;  
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,  
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea!  
 Admirals all, for England's sake,  
 Honour be yours and fame,  
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
 To Nelson's peerless name."

"Admirals all, they said their say  
 (The echoes are ringing still);  
 Admirals all, they went their way  
 To the haven under the hill.  
 But they left us a kingdom none can take—  
 The realm of the circling sea—  
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Drake,  
 And the Rodneys yet to be.\*

HENRY NEWBOLT.

F |

What a stirring time was that of the sixteenth century, particularly for the men of Devon. It would take too long to tell of the great events which befel, and of which Plymouth was the theatre and Devonshire men the principal actors; there has been nothing like it since. It was then that Empire building first began, and the men of the West were the master-builders.

So early as 1530 Sir William Hawkins sailed to the South Seas and opened up business relations with the natives there. He was also well known in Brazil.

Then we read of the coming and going of Philip of Spain, he who was afterwards espoused to Mary of England, the sister and predecessor on the throne of good Queen Bess. Philip was by no means popular in England, nor was the alliance looked upon with favour by the mass of the people, even though we find the busts of the two monarchs placed side by side on some of the coins of that period. But Philip was a visitor of great distinction, so it fell to the lot of the Corporation to entertain him on one of his visits—the entertainment costing the town £300, a large sum in those days.

Philip evidently made up his mind at that time not only to gain the Queen as his wife, but to annex this fair land of England, and to make Englishmen the vassals of Spain, but it was not to be.

\*By kind permission of the Author, and the Publisher, Elkin Mathews, London.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is more than likely that the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who some years later commanded the "Invincible Armada," was in the suite of King Philip on this visit, and then and there coveted the beautiful domain of Mount Edgcumbe, appropriating it, in his own mind, to himself as his share of the spoil when he should have conquered England. But he and his master had yet to reckon with Howard and the Sea Kings of Devon.

Foremost amongst these Sea Kings of Devon was the redoubtable hero, the hero of every school boy—Sir Francis Drake—the story of whose adventurous life reads like a romance. Although not born in Plymouth, for he hailed from Tavistock, he spent much of his time in this old port, both when a boy and in later life when he had become a great man and the terror of the Spaniards.

Drake made many voyages from the port of Plymouth, sometimes alone, or with a chosen company, and sometimes with his friend and relative, Sir John Hawkins. In fact these two were inseparable, and carried out much of their work in common.

The pluck and daring of these adventurers was remarkable; one or two instances must suffice. One of the earliest expeditions in which Drake took part was in 1572. He sailed from Plymouth on the 24th May with two small ships, one of seventy tons the other of twenty-five tons, and the crew of the two vessels numbered only seventy-three. But with these he sacked the Spanish town of Nombre di Dios, captured many small vessels, and then landed with some of his company and marched across the isthmus of Darien.



It was during this land journey that he first caught sight of the great Pacific Ocean, upon which no Englishman had then sailed, and he made a vow that he would one day sail upon that sea in an English ship. When he reached Plymouth, on the 9th August, 1573 (it happened to be Sunday), the people were at church, but news of Drake's coming mysteriously reached the ears of the worshippers, and they all with one accord rushed out of the church on to the Hoe or down to the Quay, leaving the preacher to finish the service by himself.

Four years later he embarked upon that great voyage of circumnavigation, which was the most daring feat that an Englishman had ever attempted.

He started from Plymouth with a small fleet of five vessels, bound for the Spanish Main. The largest ship was of one hundred tons burthen, the others eighty, fifty, and thirty respectively, and only one hundred and sixty-four men comprised the crews. Several of his companions deserted him and returned, but Drake himself, with only one vessel, the *Pelican*, afterwards named the *Golden Hind*, completed this wonderful voyage, "putting a girdle round the earth," a feat which no Englishman had ever attempted before him.

It was on the 3rd November, 1580, three years from the time of starting, that his little ship entered Plymouth Sound, after a very rough voyage, and in spite of desertions, mutiny, disaffection, and untold hardships, bringing with him treasure to the value of £800,000.

Just imagine what rejoicing there was in Plymouth that day! for he and his ship's company had been

given up for lost ; how the people hailed their returning hero.

It is difficult to realise the tension and anxiety experienced by the relatives and friends of these adventurous men. You must remember that there was no telegraph in those days ; no newspapers, no regular post ; and that intelligence could only reach friends at home, after weary months of waiting. Three years or more had elapsed, some of the ships had returned home, Drake and his gallant company had vanished into the unknown ; and they were mourned as dead—Drake's wife had even, so says tradition, made up her mind that he was dead, and had resolved to take another mate ; when, lo ! his ship was seen entering the Sound, the little Pelican was easily identified by Plymouth seamen, and Drake's flag was at the peak ; and so the lost was found.

Of course the Mayor and Corporation went in great state to welcome him, and most likely they gave a banquet in his honour ; of course the bells were rung, and the whole town kept holiday. That was a home-coming indeed. It was some months before the Queen, who had commissioned him to undertake the voyage, could bring herself to recognise Drake's prowess ; but she did so eventually, went on board Drake's ship where she lay at Deptford, and, striking him on the shoulder with the blade of his own good sword, made the popular hero Sir Francis.

Many years afterwards the ship was broken up, and some of the timbers used to make a chair, which is now one of the treasured possessions of the University of Oxford. When the Drake statue was unveiled on



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

the Hoe at Plymouth in the year 1884 by Lady Elliot Drake, the present representative of the family and the owner of Buckland Abbey, Nutwell Court, and other property of the Drakes, that identical chair was brought down from Oxford for her ladyship to sit in on that memorable occasion.

*Apropos* of the Drake statue, it may interest our youthful readers (in whom we take it for granted the old spirit which animated Drake and his companions still lingers) to be reminded that on the morning following the wonderful night when news came of the relief of the lonely little outpost of empire—Mafeking—the bronze figure of Drake on the Hoe wore a folded Union Jack for garter. Some fervent son of old Plymouth, possibly a schoolboy, had climbed the pedestal, and fixed round the leg of Sir Francis the symbol of British empire.

There is still another interesting association between Drake's ship and the town of Plymouth, and that is that on the occasion of the visit here of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, in March, 1902, the casket presented to the King containing the address of loyalty and welcome by the Mayor and Corporation, was in the form of a model of Drake's ship, the *Pelican*, otherwise the *Golden Hind*.

Doubtless many who read this little book were among the thousands of children assembled outside North Road Station and on the line of route who saw the King go by, and sang "God save the King" with greater enthusiasm than they had ever done before.

Thus does history come down to us, link by link in a wonderful chain, and thus do we see, as in a mirror, the deeds of the past reflected in the present.

If you will read the life history of Drake you will discover that he was a masterful man, he could not endure to be crossed when upon his great enterprises; thus it happened that on one occasion he was at Plymouth with a fleet of thirty vessels bound for the Spanish coast, when orders came that he was on no account to sail or enter a Spanish port. But news went back that Drake had already sailed, the orders came too late; so he got to Spain, entered the harbour of Cadiz, destroyed a lot of shipping, and captured a great galleon. This he called "singeing the King of Spain's beard."

Again there were rejoicings at Plymouth when Drake returned from this enterprise of retaliation, for by this bold enterprise he crippled the resources of the Spaniards and retarded the sailing of the Armada for a whole year.

But despite Drake and all his brave companions it was fated that the Armada should approach our shores. Accordingly, in the middle of the summer of 1588 it was rumoured that the great fleet of Philip was about to sail from Ferrol, with thousands of soldiers and seamen, with hundreds of priests, and with all the hideous engines of the Inquisition.

Every schoolboy has read the history of this great fight; every Plymouth boy and girl has heard of the famous game of bowls on the Hoe, when Drake, on learning of the approach of the Spaniards, said "there is time to finish the game and fight the Spaniards afterwards."

Plymouth was, of course, closely identified with this great event, this great crisis in our national affairs:

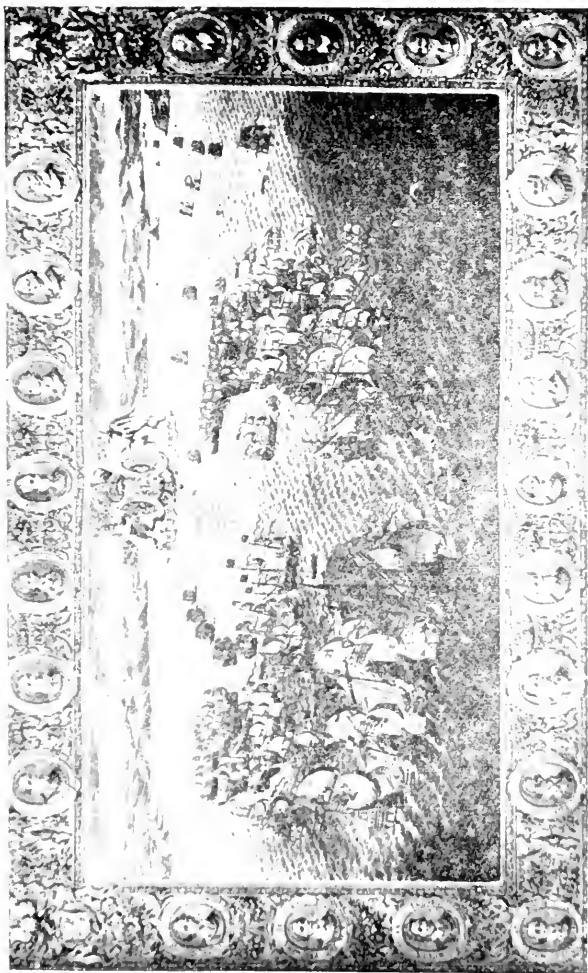
so there is no need to enter into minute details here. You all know that stirring ballad by Lord Macaulay, entitled "The Armada," in which occur the following graphic lines :—

"It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,  
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay ;  
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van by God's especial grace ;  
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.  
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall,  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall ;  
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,  
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.  
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old Sheriff comes ;  
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the drums  
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space,  
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,  
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.  
Look how the Lion of the Sea lifts up his ancient crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight, ho ! scatter flowers, fair  
maids ;  
Ho ! gunners fire a royal salute, ho ! gallants draw your blades ;  
Thou sun shine on her joyously, ye breezes waft her wide,  
Our glorious *Semper Eadem*, the banner of our pride ;  
The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurls that banner's massy fold,  
The passing gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold ;  
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be."

The story of the destruction of the Armada is an oft-told tale ; and, with the exception of that opening scene, already depicted, has little to do with Plymouth. How Howard and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher, and the other Admirals and Captains harried the Spaniards from Plymouth to Portland, from Portland to Calais ; how they were then set upon by the dreaded fire-ships,



THE SPANISH ARMADA OFF PLYMOUTH IN 1588.—From an Old Print.

driven off to the North Sea, there to be scattered by tempests; how ship after ship foundered with all on board; and how the residue that escaped the storms and the savage dwellers on the north coasts of Scotland and Ireland got back by a long detour to Spain; these things are all matters of general history, and have no place in the Story of Old Plymouth.

Surely since history first began no greater disaster ever fell upon a nation than that which befel the vaunting Spaniards on that occasion; and surely no greater deliverance ever came to a people than that which followed the warping out of the English fleet from Plymouth harbour on that eventful day in June, 1588—a day to be remembered throughout all generations.

And it has been remembered and commemorated in various ways. When you go on the Hoe and look at those memorials of the past, just think why they were placed there, and read the inscriptions upon them. There is much told in those grand words, “He blew with His winds and they were scattered;” and that other motto, which links the days of Drake and Nelson together, “England expects every man to do his duty.”

And when you are grown up and your children ask the meaning of these things, tell them of the great deliverance of 1588, and the glorious victory achieved by our West Country heroes.

For more than two centuries the bells of old St. Andrew's were annually rung on the eve of the 25th July, and on the Sunday following the Mayor and Corporation attended service in the Church to render



thanks to God for His mercies. What a pity that these old customs are dying out, as they are object lessons in history to the rising generation, and are more likely to impress the minds of our boys and girls than the ordinary and formal reading of pages of history.

There is yet another celebration which must be mentioned. Amongst the many charitable institutions of Plymouth is an ancient school, the "Hospital of Orphans' Aid," generally known as the Green School, founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and in this school every year is held a Thanksgiving Service for the deliverance of this country from Spanish invasion. This school was founded by Thomas and Nicholas Sherwell, early in the 17th century, for the education of orphan boys. It was originally located in Catherine Street, in close proximity to the Old Workhouse and the Grammar School. In accordance with the will and instructions of the pious founders of this ancient charity, and who were, without doubt, personal witnesses of the great event, this interesting and time-honoured custom is still kept up, the wording of the seventh clause of the Rules and Regulations being as follows:—

"As we would have especial care taken that the Sabbath day be duly observed generally in all religious exercises, so more particularly for perpetual remembrance of God's mercy to this land and His whole Church, more especially manifested to this place in that great deliverance, A.D. 1588, we desire that yearly on the Sabbath day next before the 25th July there be read by them the prophecy of Joel, which was preached on and particularly applied to that invasion and deliverance in our Church about that time, and



ADMIRAL SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.

in part accomplished in our sight, and further, that there be sung at the same time either the 46th or 124th Psalm, or some other to like purpose."

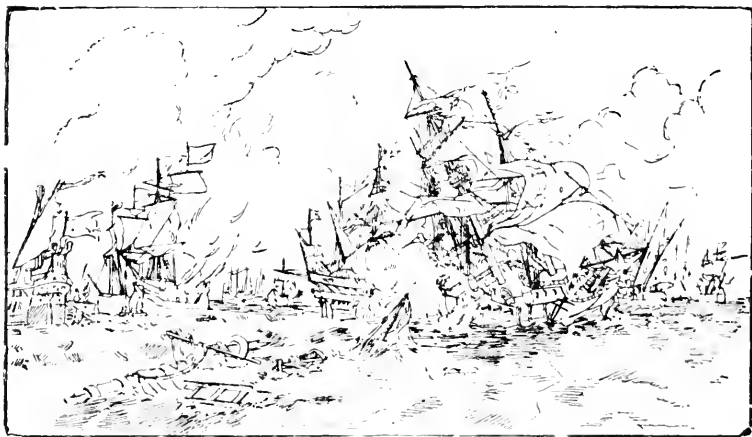
As bearing upon the events of this time, the following description of Plymouth in 1625 by Richard Peeke, of Tavistock (Manly Peeke as he was nicknamed), when questioned by the Spaniards, who took him prisoner, may interest and amuse our readers. Unfortunately, one is not certain whether it was quite accurate, or whether he was deceiving the Spanish grandees :—

"Of what strength," quoth another Duke, "is the fort at Plymouth?" I answered, "Very strong." "What ordnance in it?" "Fifty," said I. "That is not so," said he, "there are but 17." How many soldiers are there in the fort?" I answered, "Two hundred." "That is not so," quoth a Conde, "there are but twenty."

The Marquis Alguenez asked me, "Of what strength the little island [*i.e.* Drake's Island] was before Plymouth?" I told him, "I know not." "Then," quoth he, "we do. Is Plymouth a walled town?" "Yes, my Lords." "And a good wall?" "Yes," said I, "a very good wall." "True," says a Duke, "to leap over with a staff." "And hath the town," said the Duke of Medina, "strong gates?" "Yes." "But," quoth he, "there was neither wood nor iron to those gates but two days before your fleet came away."

There are some points worth noticing in this quaint colloquy :—(1) The importance of Plymouth in the sight of the Spanish military authorities. They seemed to

have enquired about no other English fortress. Did the Armada memories induce them to regard Plymouth as the Key of England, and suggest that in case of a second invasion (which the Spaniards long contemplated, to wipe out their defeat) the true policy was to secure Plymouth and Devon first, and then fight their way up to London, and so not risk a second voyage up the Channel? (2) The Spanish "intelligence department" appears to have been well served. It seems also to have been fairly worked under Philip II. Peeke suggests that some Irish priests were the Spanish spies. (3) Even in Peeke's account, Plymouth appears to have been by no means a "fortress of the first class," and a very small affair compared with the great fortress of later times.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMADA.  
*From a Picture by Sir Oswald W. Brierly.*

The conclusion is quaint: "Then," quoth one of the [Spanish] Earls, "when thou meetest me in Plymouth wilt thou bid me welcome?" I modestly told

him, "I could wish they would not too hastily come to Plymouth; for they would find it another manner of place than as now they slighted it."

After nearly three centuries they have not yet come to Plymouth, nor have any other foreign invaders.

But it is time to pass on to other matters and other men, although we have not yet done with Drake and the Sea Kings of Devon.

Reference has already been made to the historical game of bowls upon Plymouth Hoe on that memorable day when the Spanish Armada was seen coming up the Channel. The Admiral, Medina Sidonia, it appears, had orders to proceed direct up Channel to Calais, there to join forces with the Duke of Parma, who was bringing an army to co-operate with the Navy of Spain in the conquest of England. Pursuant to his orders he went straight up Channel, turning neither to the right nor the left, but keeping his goal in view. His orders were imperative, and he obeyed them literally, not like Drake, who ignored orders which were not exactly according to his liking; or like Nelson, who put his glass to his sightless eye in order that he might not see signals that were contrary to his better judgment.

So the Spanish Admiral proceeded up Channel, the while the English Captains were playing at bowls on or near Plymouth Hoe; the intelligence being brought by one Fleming, a privateer, that the Spaniards were then passing the coast of Cornwall. Even at this crisis no unseemly haste was evinced.

"There is time enough to finish our game and to fight the Spaniards afterwards," said Drake, and what

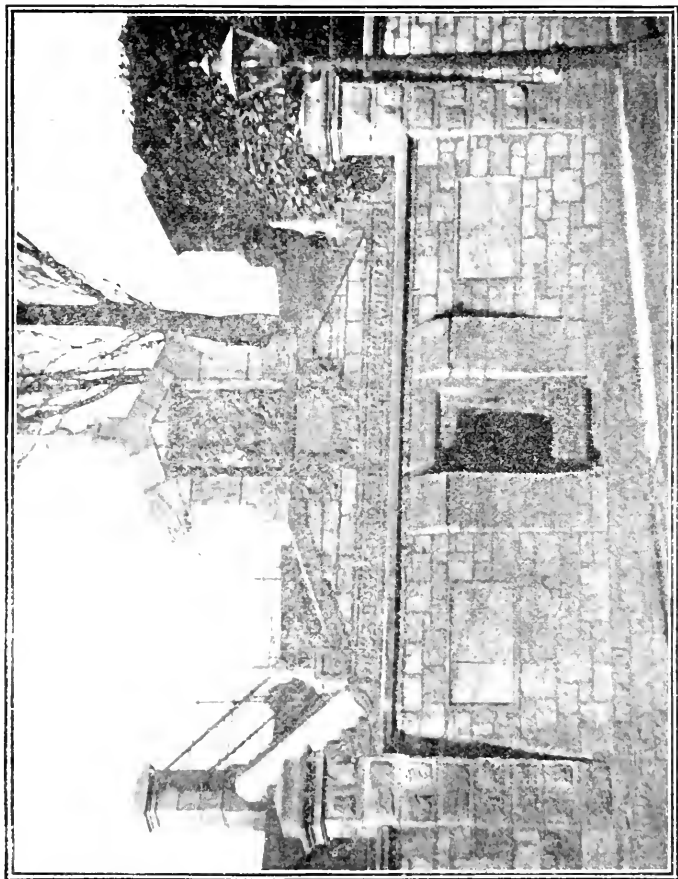
he said and did was law to his comrades and followers. The game was finished, the men were called together from the taverns, where it is just possible they were spending their time; the English ships were warped out—the breeze being light—just in the rear of the Spaniards; and then ensued that stern-chase fight—that “Morris-dance,” as it has been termed, in which the Spaniards were in a disadvantage; but which the English, with their better knowledge of seamanship and smaller ships, turned to their own advantage.

You will look in vain on or near the Hoe for the Pelican Inn, with its bowling green, made famous by Kingsley; but you may take it for granted that there was an inn and a bowling green somewhere in the neighbourhood, and that the game, as described in *Westward Ho!* and in other works, did really take place, for there is abundant evidence to prove this, in which evidence we need not now enter. Suffice it to say that in the interesting series of Historical Windows in the Guildhall, already referred to, is one which bears a most interesting pictorial representation of this scene.

There is yet another interesting incident in Drake's career that is closely identified with Plymouth, and is also depicted in one of the Guildhall windows, viz., the bringing the water into the town in 1591.

Prince, in his “Worthies of Devon,” thus alludes to the circumstance:—

“This famous place (Plymouth), before Drake's time, was a very dry town, and the inhabitants were enforced to fetch their water and wash their clothes a mile from thence; but, by his skill and industry,



MEMORIAL AT DRAKE'S RESERVOIR, TAVISTOCK ROAD, PLYMOUTH.

he brought a stream many miles unto this place. The head of the spring that thus waters the town is to be found no less than seven miles distant, in a direct line; but by circlings and indentings he brought it thirty, and that through valleys, wastes, and bogs; but, what was most troublesome of all, through a mighty rock, thought to be impenetrable. However, by his undaunted spirit, he made the way he could not find, and overcoming the difficulty he finished the enterprise, to the continual commodity of the place and his own perpetual honour. And fine would have been the diversion, when the water was brought somewhat near the town, to have seen how the Mayor and his brethren, in their formalities, went out to meet it, and bid it welcome hither, and that, being thus met, they all returned together. The gentlemen of the Corporation, accompanied with Sir Francis Drake, walked before and the stream followed after into the town, where it has continued to do so ever since."

This is a quaint description of this interesting ceremony, and has given rise to the custom, still followed, of the Mayor and Corporation repairing annually to the head of our water supply, formerly the Head Weir, now the Burrator Storage Reservoir, to hold what is called "Ye Fyshynge Feaste," in honour of Sir Francis Drake and the event to which we have referred, where they pledge one another in water and wine, and drink the toast "To the Pious Memory of Sir Francis Drake, &c."

In the window Drake is represented as standing on the steps of the newly-erected conduit, pointing to the stream, flowing for the first time through the



newly-cut channel which he has provided after much pains, labour, and skill.

Here are a couple of verses bearing on this incident, which, originating as they do from a contemporary of Drake, may be taken as good evidence of the esteem in which he was held at the time, for his local, as well as his national services. They are by Charles Fitz-Geffry, published in 1596 (two years after Drake's death), and are entitled, "Sir Francis Drake, his honourable Life's Commendation and his Tragical Death's Lamentation"—

"Now Plymouth (great in nothing save renown,  
And therein greater far, because of Drake),  
Seems to disdain the title of a town,  
And looks that men for city should her take.  
So proud her patron's favour doth her make :  
As those whom prince's patronage extol'd,  
Forget themselves, and what they were of old.

Her now bright face, once loathsomely defil'd,  
He purg'd and cleansed with a wholesome river ;  
Her, whom her sister-cities late reviled,  
Upbraiding her with unsavoury savour,  
DRAKE, of this obloquy doth now deliver ;  
That, if all poets' pens concealed his name,  
The waters glide would still record the same."

When you visit "Drake's Place," in Tavistock Road, and look at the fountains playing in the Drake Reservoir, you will be reminded of the fact that here Drake built one of the mills which were worked by the water power brought into the town by him ; and you may also, with advantage, glance at the various relics and memorials which are there preserved, and which tell us so much of the history of the water undertaking, and you will be gratified to remember

that we are primarily indebted for our present abundant supply of pure water to Sir Francis Drake, who brought the water into Plymouth in the year 1591.

You will have come to the conclusion that Drake was a worker; he was a busy man, always working at high pressure, and that was why he accomplished so much. In the intervals of his active service afloat he found time to attend to matters on shore; he became Mayor of Plymouth in 1581-2. He also represented the town in Parliament.



CROWNDALE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

But death comes to all in due course of nature; even heroes like Drake and Hawkins had to succumb; and thus it came to pass that these two great sea captains, having set out on an expedition in 1596,

met with misfortune almost from the start, and that neither returned to their native land. Drake was only fifty-five years of age when he died, but he had accomplished much in that short span of a little over half a century.

Both Drake and Hawkins died and were buried at sea, within a few weeks of one another; they left to their country a priceless legacy of great deeds and noble enterprises.

Of Drake it was written :—

“The waves became his winding-sheet, the waters were his tomb!  
But for his fame the ocean sea was not sufficient room.”

And there was another verse upon Sir Francis, which might also serve as an epitaph :—

“Where Drake first found, there last he lost his fame,  
And for a tomb left nothing but a name.  
His body’s buried under some great wave,  
The sea that was his glory is his grave,  
On him no man true epitaph can make,  
For who can say ‘Here lies Sir Francis Drake!’”

Many stories, legends, and traditions have come down to us about Drake; he was supposed to be possessed of miraculous powers; by the Spaniards he was considered a monster of evil, capable of the most bloodthirsty deeds. With Spanish mothers of that day “El Draco” was a bogy to frighten naughty children, just as “Bony” was at a later date when the French were our traditional foes. We have only space for two or three of these legends. One is to the effect that when bringing in the water to Plymouth, he rode out to Dartmoor on a white horse having a long tail. Having arrived at the appointed spot he turned the horse’s

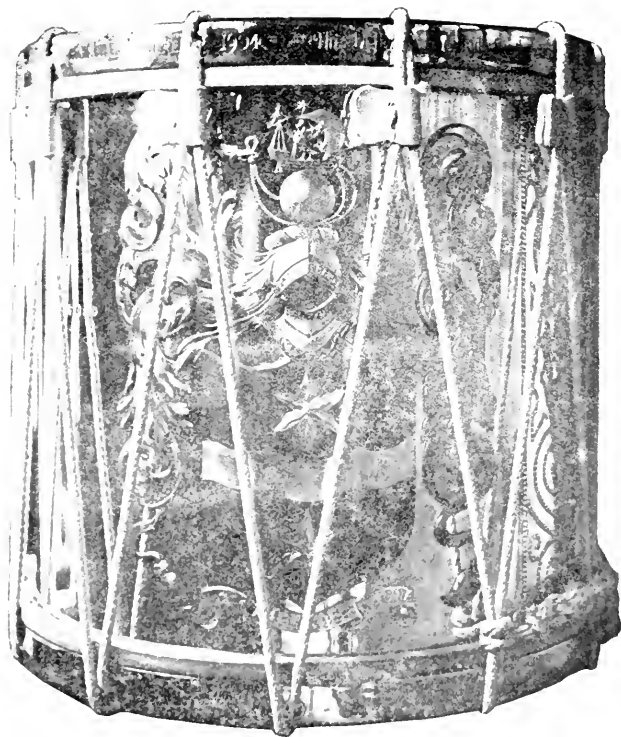
head towards the town, the long white tail of his steed flowing behind; and as he rode the stream followed him, and so on into the town.

Another was to the effect that when Drake and the other Captains were playing at bowls on the Hoe, the news was brought that the Spanish fleet had been seen off the Lizard. Drake immediately called for a block of wood and an axe. He cut the wood up into small pieces, which he cast into the sea, and every chip became a tall vessel, fully equipped, manned, and ready for action; and with these he set sail and defeated the Armada.

During his long voyage round the world, which, as you have already learned, lasted some three years, his wife had given him up for dead, and being tired of waiting, made up her mind to take another husband. Drake, by some extraordinary powers with which he was credited, learned of this, and at the particular moment when his wife and the gentleman she was about to marry were standing before the altar in St. Budeaux Church, Drake caused a shot to be fired through the earth (he was then at the Antipodes), which, coming up in front of the bride, caused her to faint, the bridegroom to be frightened, and a stop to be put to the marriage service. His wife then knew by this token that Drake was still in the land of the living.

The final tradition to which we would refer is that concerning Drake's Drum, and this is perhaps the most interesting and characteristic of them all.

The drum, which is believed to have accompanied Drake in his memorable voyage round the world, hangs



MODEL OF DRAKE'S DRUM

*From the Silver Model presented to H.M. Ship "Devonshire" by the County.*

in the hall at Buckland Abbey, a few miles from Plymouth—a beautiful estate with the ruins of a magnificent Abbey purchased by Drake on his return from one of his successful adventures; and the tradition relates how that this drum, which in Drake's lifetime was always sounded before any important engagement, will one of these days be struck by no mortal hand, to call Drake and his crew to quarters. Then the hero will hear that mysterious sound, will rise from his deep sea grave, and will return to face England's foes as he did more than three hundred years ago. This tradition has been made the subject of a very bright little play, entitled "The Dragon's Drum," by Major W. P. Drury, the author of many delightful stories of the sea and naval life; and it is also the subject matter of a charming ballad, entitled "Drake's Drum," by Henry Newbolt, recently published:—

### "DRAKE'S DRUM."

"Drake he's in his hammock, an' a thousand miles away,  
 Captain, art tha sleepin' there below?  
 Slung atween the round shot, in Nombre Dios bay,  
 But dreamin' all the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 Yarnder looms the island, yarnder lie the ships,  
 With sailor lads a trippin' heel and toe;  
 And the waves a dashin' and the shore lights flashin',  
 He sees 'em all so plainly as he see'd em long ago.

Drake he were a Devon man, and ruled the Devon seas,  
 Captain, art tha sleepin' there below?  
 Rovin' though his life fell, he went wi' heart and ease,  
 But dreamin' all the time o' Plymouth Hoe!  
 Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore,  
 Strike it when the powder's running low,  
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
 And drum 'em up the Channel as we drummed 'em long ago.

Drake he's in his hammock, 'till the great Armada's come,  
 Captain, art tha' sleepin' there below?  
 Slung a'tween the round-shot, list'nin' for the drum,  
 But dreamin' all the time o' Plymouth Hoe!  
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;  
 Where the old flag's flying, and the old trade's plying,  
 Ye will find him ware and waking as ye found him long ago!"

Yet another interesting picture presents itself in the story of Plymouth at this period, and this relates to Hawkins, not to Drake. It happened in the year 1567, when Sir John Hawkins was at Plymouth preparing for one of his expeditions. We have the narrative in the words of his son Richard:—

"There came a fleete of Spaniards of above fiftie sayle of shippes, bound for Flaunders, to fetch the Queen Donna Anna de Austria, last wife of Philip the Second of Spaine, which entered betwixt the Island and the Maine, without vayling their topsayles, or taking in of their flags, which my father, Sir John Hawkins (Admirall of a fleete of Her Majesties' shippes, then riding in Cattwater), perceiving, commanded his gunner to shoote at the flag of the Admirall, that they might thereby see their error, which, notwithstanding, they persevered arrogantly to keepe displayed; whereupon the gunner at the next shott lact the Admirall through and through, whereby the Spaniards, finding that the matter begaune to grow in earnest, took in their flags and topsayles, and so came to an anchor.

"The generall presently sent his boat with a principal personage to expostulate the cause and reason of that proceeding; but my father would not permit him to come into his ship nor to hear his message; but by another gentleman commanded him to returne

and to tell his generalle that inasmuch as in the Queen's port and chamber, he had neglected to do the acknowledgment and reverence which all owe unto Her Majestie (especially her ships being present) and communing with so great a navie, he could not but give suspetion by such proceeding of malicious intention, and therefore required him, that within twelve hours he should depart the port, upon paine to be held as a common enemy, and to proceed against him by force."

It appears that the general himself, after some further parley, confessed ignorance, and so the quarrel was made up; but this little incident shows the sort of stuff of which Hawkins and his contemporaries were made.

You may be surprised at these high-handed proceedings; but they were justified. So long back as the reign of King Alfred, Britain claimed the Sovereignty of the Seas, and the naval salute to the British flag was from time to time insisted on by that monarch. Less than a hundred years later we find his successor Edgar claiming to be "lord of the ocean surrounding Britain." This was the right and privilege contended for by Hawkins, and this is the high prerogative which the British Navy claims to-day from all comers.

There is no pictorial representation of this incident in the Plymouth Guildhall Windows; but alongside the Drake Window is one which has a melancholy interest, as it deals with a scene in the life of that other great Devonian—Sir Walter Raleigh.

What a chequered career was that of Raleigh. It reads like a romance. For a time basking in the sunshine of the Court, a great favourite of the Queen;





BOYHOOD OF RALEGH.—From the Painting by Millais.

at another time being under the displeasure of that capricious lady; now setting forth on dangerous enterprises beyond the seas, having for their object the extension of the Empire, and the planting of Virginia; again, mustering the land forces in Cornwall, to defend the coasts against the Spaniards. Sometimes visiting his birth place at Hayes Barton, East Budleigh, at another time spending a few days at Greenaway on the Dart with his cousins, the Gilberts; or at Fardel, near Cornwood, where his family had a residence. Then we find him in Ireland, with his beloved friend, Edmund Spenser, who made him the hero of one of his poems.

This is a brief word picture of Raleigh. But the picture presented to us in the Guildhall Window depicts the closing scene in the career of this great man, his arrest at Plymouth by the orders of King James, and at the instigation of his treacherous kinsman, Sir Lewis Stukeley.

Let us describe this remarkable incident more in detail. It was on the 21st of June, 1618, that Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the worthiest of Devonshire's worthy sons, and one of the worst treated and unfortunate of men, returned from his ill-fated expedition. His ship, the "Destiny," arrived alone. Some had deserted him, others were parted from him by storms, and had, like poor Captain Pennington's, been seized. Sir Walter moored her in the harbour, and instantly sent her sails on shore. Lady Raleigh hastened to Plymouth to meet her husband, and that mournful meeting—mournful through the loss of their son, and the other disasters of the voyage—and many matters of business connected with his fleet kept him

in Devonshire for two or three weeks. In the second week of July Sir Walter and his wife and Samuel King, one of his officers, left Plymouth for London. They had, however, but proceeded some twenty miles, to near Ashburton, on the skirts of Dartmoor, when they were met by Sir Lewis Stukeley, Vice-Admiral of Devon, who said to Raleigh, "I have orders to arrest both you and your ships." They, therefore, with Stukeley, returned to Plymouth, where Stukeley appears to have busied himself much more about his own profit, from the equipments, &c., of the "Destiny" and her cargo, than about the custody of the Admiral. For nine or ten days Sir Walter remained at the house of Sir Christopher Harris at Plymouth. Two or three of them passed without his ever setting eyes on his custodian. Those days were filled with many anxieties about the future; and to his own anxieties were added those of a fond wife and a faithful servant, whose common care was to see him in safety from the pursuit of his enemies. Under the pressure of their alarms and entreaties, Raleigh empowered Captain King to hire a barque that would convey them to France. King did this, and made the vessel ride at anchor in Plymouth harbour, out of gunshot of the fort. At midnight the two men went out in a boat for the purpose of embarking. But Sir Walter was in a great strait. The anxious pleadings of his wife were opposed to the dictates of his own judgment. On reaching Plymouth his pledge to return was but half redeemed. *She* thought only of the life that was so precious to her. *He* had to think of duty and fame. When the boat was within a quarter of a mile of the French ship he determined to return. Next day he sent orders

that she should continue to lie in readiness for another night or two; but no further effort was made to get on board her. On the 22nd July the Privy Council wrote to Stukeley that their lordships would listen to no excuses of delay. "We command you upon your allegiance, that all delays set apart, you do safely and speedily bring hither the person of Sir Walter Raleigh, to answer before us such matters as shall be objected against him in His Majesty's behalf." These peremptory orders reached Plymouth on the 25th of July, and on the same day Stukeley, having previously sold the precious tobacco and other stores and cargo of the "Destiny," set out with his noble prisoner from Mr. Drake's house, where he had been removed from that of Sir Christopher Harris. Weakened in health by over anxieties and troubles, Raleigh had made the acquaintance of a French physician in Plymouth, of the name of Manourie, who he thought would be able to restore him to health, and to beguile the tedium of the journey by conversations on chemistry and other kindred subjects.

He therefore engaged his services, but they were turned to account against him by Manourie accepting as well from Stukeley the office of spy. Presently, Raleigh and his wife set their eyes for the last time on their much-loved Sherborne, then in its full summer beauty. He passed near enough to the park to note the growth of his plantations, and to think of the hopes, now blighted, with which every improvement there had been bound up. "All this," he said, "was mine, and it was taken from me unjustly."

He reached London on the 7th of August. On the 10th he made his final and fatal entrance into the



SIR WALTER RALEGH.

Tower of London, and on the 29th of October he was beheaded, and with the fall of the axe fell one of England's noblest sons, and of the best and worthiest of men.

In the window to which reference has been made Raleigh is represented as worn by age and sorrow, a disappointed man, having just ascended the Barbican steps, bidding farewell to his wife; while behind him is Stukeley; the Mayor, Nicholas Sherwell, with halberdiers, boatmen, and others, completing the picture.

Many another man of note was to be seen in and about Plymouth streets in those stirring times; the old High Street must, indeed, have been the witness of many historical incidents. There might have been seen Sir Humphery Gilbert, the colonizer of Newfoundland; John Oxenham, a follower of Drake; Sir John Hawkins and his son, Sir Richard, a worthy son of a great father; Martin Frobisher, one of the Admirals who fought the Armada; Sir Richard Grenville, the hero of the greatest sea-fight the world has ever seen, immortalised by Tennyson in his ballad, "The Revenge," and many another worthy whose name stands out boldly on the Elizabethan stage; and what a noble record they made.

"They sowed the seeds of Empire, in the far lands o'er the sea;  
They made the name of England the watchword of the free.  
And by their deeds of daring, on land and on the main,  
O'erthrew the pride of Philip, and crushed the power of Spain.

'Twas Drake and his brave seamen who boldly led the van,  
'Twas Hawkins, Raleigh, Grenville, and many a Devon man,  
Who taught the boastful Spaniard how dogged they could be—  
That British pluck was e'er a match for old-world chivalry.

Through many an age, on history's page, their fame shines clear  
and fair;

From sire to son the message passed boldly to do and dare;  
And wheresoe'r Old England's flag is seen the world around,  
Shoulder to shoulder, rank on rank, Devon's sons are found."



HAYES BARTON, NEAR EXMOUTH.  
*The Birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Before passing away from this heroic age—the age of Elizabeth—it is worth while to apply this and its lessons practically to the boys and girls of this twentieth century. Let us endeavour to impress upon them what a priceless heritage is theirs, in the history and wonderful associations of their old, old town; a town growing fast, too fast in some respects; growing

out of the old traditions, the venerable stories of the past, the Customs of old time, and the prestige handed down from age to age. Let them ever uphold that prestige, maintain the honour of their birthright, and remember they are citizens of no mean city.

Many people suppose that the earliest settlers of English men and women in America were those who sailed from Plymouth in the "Mayflower" in 1620, known to posterity as the "Pilgrim Fathers." But this is a mistake, for long before that date the Plymouth Company had been formed, with authority to plant a Colony in North America. In fact there were two Companies, one composed mainly of London Merchants, the other composed of Merchants of Plymouth, Exeter, and Bristol.

This was the Plymouth Company which led to the settlement of Maine, now one of the leading States of America. Several West Country men were members of the Council of this Company, amongst them being Robert Trelawny, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Sir John Popham, Sir John Gilbert, Captain Martin Pringe, and others.

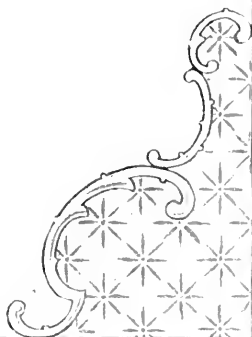
Immediately over the main entrance to the Plymouth Guildhall is a window named the Pilgrim Fathers' Window; this depicts the embarkation of the little band of Puritans from the Barbican, Plymouth, on the 6th of September, 1620, an epoch-making event.

If you will wander down to the Barbican, and pass on to the Pier, you will find in the roadway a stone with the simple inscription:—

"Mayflower, 1620."

And if you will then take a few steps to the South





"MAYFLOWER" MEMORIALS AT THE BARBICAN, PLYMOUTH

you will find affixed to the wall close by the boatmen's steps a tablet, placed there to commemorate this interesting event. The inscription reads as follows:—

“On the 6th of September, 1620, in the Mayoralty of Thomas Fownes, after being kindly entertained and courteously used by divers Friends there dwelling, the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in the “Mayflower,” in the Providence of God, to settle in New Plymouth, and to lay the Foundation of the New England States. The ancient Causey—whence they embarked—was destroyed not many years afterwards, but the Site of their Embarkation is marked by the stone bearing the name of the “Mayflower” in the pavement of the adjacent Pier. This Tablet was erected in the Mayoralty of J. T. Bond, 1891, to commemorate their departure, and the visit to Plymouth in July of that year of a number of their descendants and Representatives.”

It is not necessary to enter fully into the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, many books have been published about them. Their visit to Plymouth was a mere accidental circumstance, which was not in their original programme. But “Man proposes and God disposes;” accordingly the two little vessels, the “Speedwell” and the “Mayflower,” put into Plymouth on their way from Southampton and Dartmouth for provisions and repairs.

There it was found that the “Speedwell” was unseaworthy, so the whole company were put on board the “Mayflower,” after having spent about a fortnight in this town, receiving unbounded hospitality at the hands of their co-religionists. When they reached

America they named their first settlement "New Plymouth," in grateful remembrance of the kindness they had received in the Old Plymouth.

Elihu Burritt, whose words in praise of "Mother Plymouth" we have already quoted, thus speaks of this incident :—

"Not two centuries and a half ago" (he was writing about 1865), "the 'Mayflower' lay on its shadow blossom out there among the small fishing smacks of the bay. The people then living in these low, checker-windowed houses in the Old Town went down to the water-side to see the strange little vessel outward-bound for the unexplored Western World—a far-off dream-land to their imagination, lying somewhere in their thought between time and eternity. England then was small for her years as a nation; and this little vessel had scanty roomage, including the hold; but it carried between and above decks, more than 'Cæsar and his fortunes,' the parent stock of a mightily-peopled hemisphere. As Noah took in with him all that was worth preserving of the old world before the Flood, not only of animal, but of mental and moral life, so that little ruddered ark, with its sky-lights looking upward to the face of God by night and day, and filled with the ascending voice of prayer by those who trusted in His guidance, bore across the wide wild of waters the life-germs of all that was worth planting in the New World or that could grow in its soil. What a growth! Compare it with the French and Spanish scions planted at the same time in the Western Hemisphere. [3] Look at this yellow-faced house, with the very casement through

VIEW OF PLYMOUTH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—*From an Old Print by Pine.*



which it peered out upon the 'Mayflower.' It is a good and comfortable home still, and full of young and happy children who play the same plays and have the same ways as the children of the Pilgrim Fathers who looked over the sides of that vessel from their parents' arms. Now full forty millions, speaking the same language, gone or going up through the same childhood's sports, and questioned at the outset, 'Who killed Cock Robin?' people the continent of North America and its adjacent islands. Already the balance of population, in commercial phrase, is against the Mother Country. The English-speaking race bid fair to shift their numerical centre to the Western World. The American branch of it now exceeds by full five millions the other division of the family in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia.

With these thoughts uppermost and busy in my mind, I was struck and taken down a peg in my speculations by a dry remark of a friend who was taking me to the first Plymouth Rock in the world. called *The Hoe*, or, as the Danes, who gave the name, spelt it—*Hœi*, or *Height*. I was dilating upon the sailing of the 'Mayflower' and its mission to the New World, and asked him if he thought the people of Plymouth realised the importance of that event to mankind, and put it in the first rank of occurrences, recorded in the history of the town. He replied with the utmost non-chalance, as if the question referred only to the small distinction between a hundred transactions of nearly even significance, and almost confounded with each other: 'No; we have been sending out so many expeditions to all parts of the world that no particular one of them makes a special impression.

Why, I myself,' he continued with the greatest coolness, 'sent out the first English woman to Australia to settle there as a voluntary resident.'

"I turned and looked at him full in the face. He was not forty-five years of age, and yet he was older than the young Anglo-Saxon nation planted on the 'continent of New Holland' and neighbouring islands, already numbering nearly as large a population as the Thirteen United Colonies of North America, when they set up for themselves as an independent Power. So little have the incidents of this nation-planting impressed themselves upon the mind of the Plymouth people, that it is doubtful if one of a thousand of them could tell you the name of the vessel that conveyed the first English wife and mother to Australia, who went out to make a voluntary and permanent home in that antipodean region. It might have been the 'Primrose,' or 'Hawthorn,' or 'Robin Redbreast,' or some name belonging to the 'Mayflower' genus. It is quite possible my friend has forgotten it in the multitude of business transactions."\*

But we need not follow the fortunes of these seventeenth century Pilgrims in their wanderings; they found a home in their New England, and from small beginnings they founded a mighty nation.

The Barbican at Plymouth is a hallowed spot to Americans, who invariably visit it when they come into the West. Like Plymouth Rock on the other side of the Atlantic, the Barbican at Plymouth is to Americans a place of hallowed associations.

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\*A walk from London to Land's End and back, by Elihu Burritt. London, 1865.

But we had quite forgotten to mention the visit of a very remarkable character who came to Plymouth in 1616. This was Pocahontas, an American Princess, daughter of an Indian Chief of Virginia. She was born in the year 1595, and when she was but twelve years old, Captain John Smith, the ablest leader of the colony of Jamestown, fell into the hands of Powhatan, and was about to be killed. Pocahontas pushed between the victim and the uplifted arm of the executioner, and besought her father to spare his life. The savage chieftain relented, and Smith was conducted in safety to Jamestown, where the young chieftainess, with her wild train, often visited him.

In 1609 she gave him timely notice of a plot to destroy him, and took refuge from her father's anger with another chief. Captain Smith having returned to England, she was taken by Captain Argall, by bribery, held as a hostage, and married to John Rolfe in 1613, and baptised by the name of Rebecca. This alliance with a powerful chief secured a long peace to the colony. In 1616 she was brought to England by her husband, where she was received with great favour, and presented at Court.

Here also she saw Captain Smith, and at the first interview hid her face two or three hours. She had been told that he was dead. From this blow she never recovered. She died at Gravesend 1617, when about to embark for her native country, after giving birth to a son, from whom are descended the Randolphs and other distinguished families of Virginia.

History tells us that in the year 1624 there were twenty-five ships belonging to the States of Holland

here in Plymouth Sound, bound for Brazil; and in the following year King Charles the First visited Plymouth and spent some time here. He was accompanied by the Queen, and there were great festivities on the occasion. Their Majesties attended service in the old parish church, and were afterwards most hospitably entertained by the Corporation. The King also held a review of troops on Roborough Down.

Time passed, and then we find ourselves in all the turmoil and strife of the Civil War, that great struggle between the Parliament and the King, which ended, as you know, in the execution of the King at Whitehall, and the establishment of the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell.

This is no place to enter into a discussion as to the rights and wrongs of this terrible historical crisis; doubtless there was right on both sides; and doubtless there were wrongs crying out for redress; but as all readers of history know, the country was plunged into Civil War—fathers fought against sons, sons against fathers; brothers took sides according as their consciences dictated; and the land was for several years in a state of great unrest.

Plymouth was claimed as the stronghold of the Parliamentary party at that time, as she had been the bulwark against the Spanish Invasion half a century before. London excepted, no town in the whole kingdom did more for the defence of the liberties of the people than did Plymouth at this juncture. In fact, as a well-known writer says, there was a time when the whole fortunes of the Parliament turned on the retention of Plymouth and Hull. Plymouth has been



termed a maiden town ; she endured a siege for several years, and sustained it to the end. While Bristol, Exeter, Taunton, and other west country towns were attacked and taken, Plymouth alone stood firm to her first principles. The spirit which had animated Drake and Hawkins and Grenville still lingered, and it may be that there were some veterans still living who had followed the fortunes of those intrepid seamen in their adventurous voyages.

Plymouth at this time was a rich and prosperous place, and the greatest port for trade in the West. It was not well fortified, for you must know that the Citadel had not then been built, but yet with indifferent ordnance and but a small force, the town was able to endure all the strain and stress of a prolonged siege, and to come out victorious in the end.

We who live in these peaceable times can have but little idea what it must have been to live in a town in a perpetual state of siege. There was a wall around the town with gateways, it is true ; but this had to be defended night and day, the defenders had to be on the alert, the town could never sleep. The enemy were quartered at Plympton, Plymstock, Cawsand, Egg Buckland, Tamerton, and elsewhere. They had forts and batteries on Staddon Heights overlooking the town, and the King himself came down and took up his quarters for a day or two at Widey Court ; but finding he could make no impression upon the rebellious town, he went away and left Prince Maurice and other Royalist leaders to sustain the siege.

Again and again little bands of the defenders of Plymouth sallied out from the town to attack the

Royalists, but were repulsed; and again and again the Royalists fell upon the outposts of those defending the town, but all to no purpose, no entry could be made.

Pages might be filled with the details of the town life and the hardships of this terrible time, but we must forbear. Of course provisions ran short, there was much privation within the town, and many people died. Even the water was cut off; the leat, which had been so skilfully engineered by Sir Francis Drake, about fifty years before, was blocked up, and the populace had to betake them to the wells, of which there were luckily many in the town. During the time when food was scarcest it is recorded that "there came an infinite number of pilchards (another authority says 'mulletts') into the harbour within the Barbican, which the people took up with great ease in baskets, which did not only refresh them for the present, but a great deal more were taken, preserved and salted, whereby the poor got much money."

Another interesting fact may be mentioned in connection with this siege, and that is that the women as well as the men did their share of the work, and took their share of the danger. Many of the men of the town were doing duty at the various forts and outlying works; the women, therefore, carried out provisions and strong waters for the refreshment of their husbands and brothers, and narrowly escaped the shots of the enemy; in fact, some of them were shot through their clothes.

We have before observed that King Charles came down to Plymouth to see how the siege was progressing. He stayed at Widey, a farm then in the possession

of Yeoman Heale, and from this place made a daily demonstration against the town with an armed force. But he was warmly received by the defenders, and little harm was done; and eventually the King retired and, to make a long story short, the siege was raised, the King's troops were withdrawn and Plymouth was left in a very battered condition, her people hungry and poor but with the consciousness that they had made a good account of themselves.

It is estimated that 3,000 deaths occurred during the siege, about five times the number under ordinary conditions, and this number included many townspeople. How many of the King's troops were cut off it is impossible to say, but the extent of the calamity may be judged when it is asserted that during the three years of this great siege nearly 8,000 deaths occurred, or in other words that a number equal to the entire population of the town was swept away. It was a dreadful calamity, trade was ruined, scores of families had lost their bread-winners, and were reduced to absolute poverty, and it was many years before the town recovered its prosperity.

A very interesting record of this troublous time is to be found in the Guildhall, where is a window depicting what is called the "Sabbath Day Fight." This occurred on Sunday, the 3rd of December, 1643, one of the most memorable days in the history of Plymouth. The fate of the town then hung in the balance. But the troops and the men of the town did their duty; they defeated the enemy at all points, at Laira Point, at Lipson Creek, at Tothill, Compton, Egg Buckland, Mount Gould, Pennycomequick, and Freedom

Fields fights took place, and this shows how closely the town was invested, and how hot must have been the attack and defence.



KING CHARLES SUMMONING THE TOWN TO SURRENDER.  
*An incident in the Siege of Plymouth. From a design by Fouracre.*

When you go to Freedom Park do not fail to note the memorial column placed there to record this great deliverance; or that other memorial in the Guildhall, to which reference has already been made. This window depicts the final fight, and the whole group is full of spirit. The armour and accoutrements shown in the picture have all been copied from those actually used

in the conflict, which are now in the possession of the Earl of Mount Edgumbe; and it is an interesting fact as showing how the memory of such conflicts dies after the lapse of time, that the cost of the window was defrayed by descendants of those who took part in the siege, either as besiegers or defenders, and their respective arms are placed below.

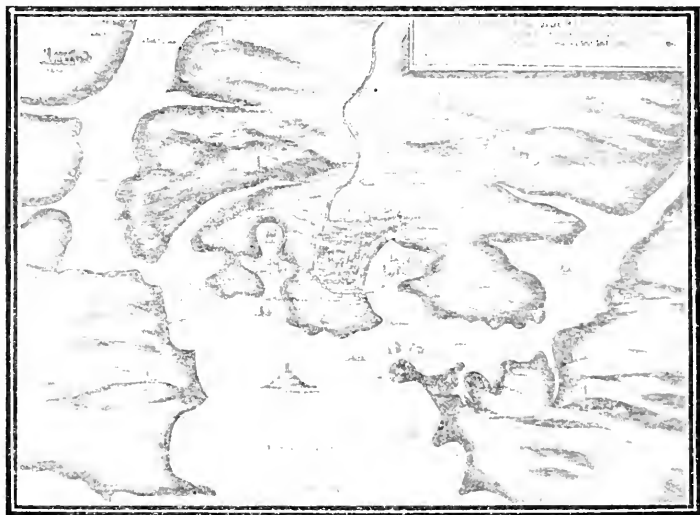
For many years the bells of the Old Church rang joyous peals each 3rd of December in memory of that "Sabbath Day Fight," a day to be remembered throughout our generations, although the time-honoured custom has, with many others, been abandoned. But there were other celebrations even more interesting to the youth of this twentieth century. In old times on Freedom Eve, at three of the clock, the "Freedom Boys" used to assemble for the purpose of "knocking down the glove," which used to be set up over the Guildhall door—having been allowed a little latitude during the remainder of that and the entire of the following day. This little latitude appears to have been abused, for the following poetical plaint remains:—

"In days of yore, had Freedom Boys French leave  
Of 'knocking down the glove' on Freedom Eve;  
And pilfered tradesmen used, thereon, to say,  
That Freedom Eve itself was Freedom Day."

The "Freedom Boys" also escorted the Mayor-Elect and Corporation round the bounds of the borough, and on returning to the Barbican each boy received a "lick in the head by way of a remembrance, and a little silver ointment to cure it."

A modification of this ceremony in connection with the old system of "Beating the Bounds" was kept up with great formality until very recently, and the

present writer can recall many occasions when this old-time function—a relic of ancient Roman customs—was indulged in.



SIEGE MAP OF PLYMOUTH.—*From an Old Print.*

But we must pass on. The memory of the siege and its horrors and misfortunes gradually passed away, the town returned to its normal condition, the people turned their attention to the ordinary avocations of life. Charles the First lost his crown, his kingdom, and his head; his son was proclaimed King in 1659, and there was great rejoicing in the town at the restoration, the conduits running two days with wine, not water."

"The King is dead, long live the King."

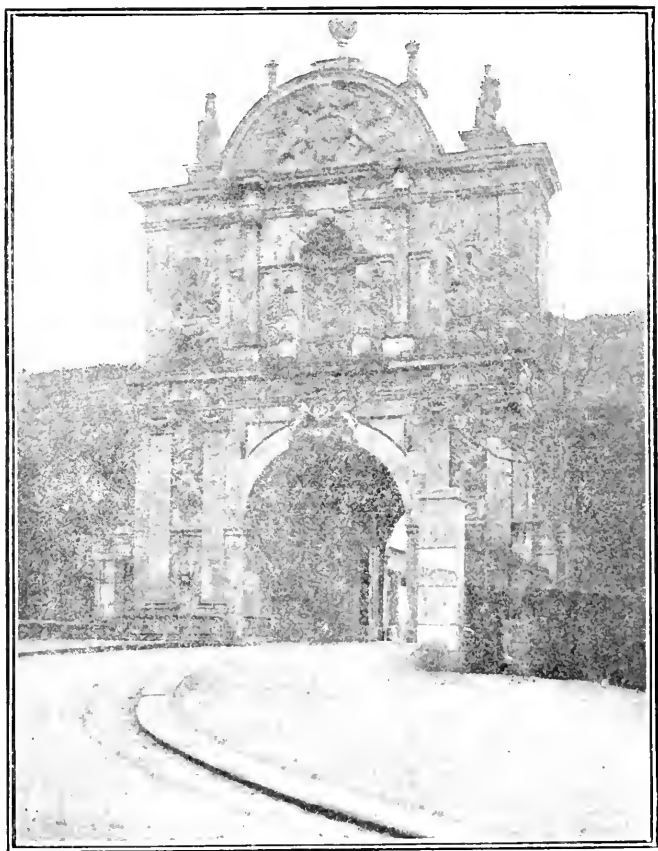
So readily does the popular mind and conscience conform to the new order of things, the mob in the

street being ever ready to shout with the dominant party. We have but short memories for these historical crises.

Plymouth boys know the Citadel, that grim and forbidding looking fortification near the Hoe, although we venture to affirm that not one in a thousand have ever been inside its walls, or know when and why it was built. Its history may therefore be of interest.

It will readily be understood that the new King (Charles II.) had no great love for Plymouth or Plymouth people, seeing how they had defied his father and the Royalist Army only a few years before. He therefore gave orders to erect a fortification, partly, it is true, for the defence of the town, but mainly, we believe, as a precaution against any possible defection on the part of the inhabitants, or a repetition of the rebellious behaviour of the Civil War time. The position of the Citadel is a most commanding one; it occupies the eastern portion of the Hoe, and superseded some forts and outlying works which had served for defensive purposes before and during the siege, some of which remain to the present day.

The Citadel was commenced in 1666, and completed in 1670; these dates will be found recorded in stone on the walls of the building and also at the main entrance of the fortress itself. This old gateway, adorned with the arms of Granville, Earl of Bath, who was governor of the town when the Citadel was completed, is one of the most interesting architectural features of old Plymouth, and long may it escape the ruthless attacks of the vandals who are ever striving to remove our ancient landmarks, and who have done so much to dismantle and disfigure our old towns.



GATEWAY OF PLYMOUTH CITADEL, ERECTED 1670



About this period we find that the King paid several visits to the town.

Thus in the year 1670, when William Cotton was Mayor, the King, with the Dukes of York and Monmouth and a large retinue, came down to inspect the new fortification, and of course the town was put to considerable expense in fees to his Majesty and to his various retainers. The following account of these expenses will be read with interest :—

	£	s.	d.
Gave King Charles 150 pieces of gold .. ...	172	10	0
Purse to put it in .. ..	0	5	6
Ringers .. ..	2	0	0
King and Duke's Footmen and Guards at the Fort ..	3	17	6
For making a Stage for His Majesty to stand on upon the New Quay .. ..	2	11	2
For removing Timber and cleaning sheets ... ..	1	11	6
Gentlemen Ushers daily waiting ... ..	5	0	0
Gentlemen Ushers Privy Chamber .. ..	5	0	0
Sergeant-at-Armes .. ..	3	6	8
Gentlemen Ushers Quarter Waiters .. ..	1	0	0
Servers of the Chamber .. ..	1	0	0
Sergeants and Trumpeters .. ..	3	16	9
To the Pages of the Presence .. ..	0	10	5
Knight Marshals ... ..	1	0	0
Knight Harbingers ... ..	3	6	8
Yeomen Ushers .. ..	1	0	0
Grooms of the Chamber .. ..	1	0	0
Footmen, Sergeants, Porter .. ..	3	0	0
Yeomen of the Month .. ..	2	0	0
Porters of the Gate .. ..	1	0	0
Coachmen .. ..	0	10	0
Surveyors of the Ways .. ..	1	10	0
Yeomen Harbingers .. ..	2	6	8
	<hr/>		
	£219	2	10

It will thus be seen that although Plymouth has frequently been honoured by the presence of Royal visitors, the town has on more than one occasion been heavily taxed for the entertainment of these illustrious

guests. And on this occasion it should be noted that the visit was ostensibly for the purpose of inspecting works which had been erected to repel invasion, but in reality of having a hold on the populace who had so stubbornly resisted some years before the entrance of the royalist troops into the besieged town.

Again, in 1676, we find Charles again at Plymouth with the Duke of York. On this occasion he came by water, stayed two days, dined with Mr. Edgcumbe, at Mount Edgcumbe, and returned hence by sea. His Majesty also attended at St. Andrew's Church, where he performed that remarkable ceremony known as "Touching for the King's Evil," with what results we are not told; but it is difficult to imagine in these enlightened days what efficacy could be given for the relief of suffering humanity by the mere placing of the Royal hands upon sick persons. This much, however, is certain, that many persons did believe in the curative properties of the King's hands, for in every place visited by his Majesty a similar ceremony was gone through. Was it an early instance of Faith Healing, or Christian Science? One effect it certainly had, for we know that large fees were exacted from the patients, and these fees went into the Royal Treasury, which was at that time in a very exhausted condition, and sadly needed replenishment. The religious form which accompanied the sovereign touch is now obsolete, but it is to be found in old copies of the Book of Common Prayer; the service was abolished in the early part of the eighteenth century. Gold medals were presented to the sick persons with an effigy of the monarch upon them, and an inscription setting forth the miraculous

circumstances of this wonderful gift of healing. The recipients of these medals were called upon to pay a considerable sum for the *charm*, for such indeed it was.

The year 1688 was made memorable by the arrival of William, Prince of Orange, who landed at Torbay, and proceeded to Newton Abbot, where he spent the night at Forde House, and went thence to Exeter, where he was proclaimed King. His coming, momentous as it undoubtedly was to the nation, affected Plymouth but little. It is true that he was proclaimed King at Plymouth, one of the first places to declare for the new Monarch, although he did not visit the town.

In one of the Guildhall Windows we have the scene of the proclamation of William of Orange at Plymouth, as illustrating the following passage in local history :—

"In whose Majesty God wrought with a wonderful deliverance in those kingdoms in rescuing us from popery and slavery, by bringing over from Holland the Prince of Orange with a fleet of ships and some land forces, which landed at Torbay, Monday, the 5th day of November, 1688, without any opposition, and so went on for Exon, where the gentlemen and country flocked unto him, and soon after all the townes and garrisons in England declared for him (Plymouth being the first.)"\*

Next to Plymouth, Exeter was one of the first places to extend a welcome to William, Prince of Orange, although that welcome was at the first, particularly on the part of the ecclesiastics of the city, by no means warm or cordial.

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\* Yonge's Plymouth Memoirs.

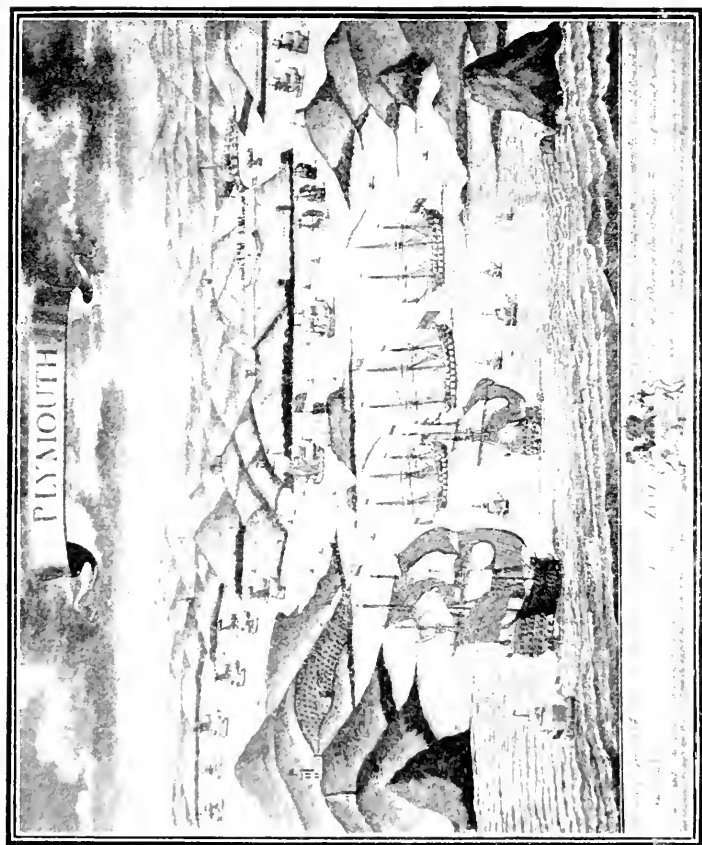
On his entry into the City of Exeter a placard was issued, which set forth

“A True and Exact Relation of the  
Prince of Orange  
His Public Entrance into Exeter,”

and this broadside gave in detail the programme of the procession, the list of the armed forces and their disposition, with the order of proceedings on this memorable occasion. Another broadside gives in full the speech which was delivered by the “Prince of Orange to Some of the Principle Gentlemen of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, on their coming to joyn his Highnesse at Exeter, the 15th of November, 1688.”

The scene portrayed in the Guildhall Window relating to this incident, already referred to, is located at the old Inn, known as the New Tree Inn, in the centre of the town, at one time called “Pig Market,” now known as Bedford Street, and to a past generation known as the “Island House,” just opposite the Devon and Cornwall Bank, at the top of Westwell Street.

For many years the records are silent concerning the coming of notable strangers, or the happening of important events; in fact little did happen for nearly a century. Just a few incidents may be mentioned. In 1759 Prince Edward Augustus, Duke of York, went on shore, from the fleet then lying in Plymouth Sound, and visited Saltram, the seat of John Parker, ancestor of the present Earl of Morley. This Prince had paid a visit to the town in the previous July, and had sailed from this port in the “Hero,” man-of-war, with Lord Edgecumbe, to join the fleet off Brest. In the following



VIEW OF PLYMOUTH IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.—From an Old Print.

year Admirals Boscawen and Hawke were at Plymouth with their respective fleets. In September of the year 1762 the Duke of York was again at Plymouth, and in October of the same year he was elected Lord High Steward of Plymouth, an office since held by the Prince Consort, the present King when Prince of Wales, and now by the Prince of Wales.

In 1764 the Dukes of Gloucester and York visited Plymouth, and in 1766 the Princess Amelia landed here at Mount Edgcumbe.

Amongst later expeditions we may mention that of Captain Wallis in 1766, who, with the "Dolphin" and two other ships, started for a voyage round the world, and then we have the redoubtable Captain Cook, who, in the "Endeavour," sailed from this port on August 26th, 1768, for a similar enterprise. In 1772 Captain Cook, with the "Resolution" and "Endeavour," started for his second voyage round the world. Captain Furneaux returning from this expedition, brought with him a native of Otaheite, who was desirous of seeing the King of England, and was afterwards presented to his Majesty. In 1776 Captain Cook sailed from Plymouth on his third voyage round the world.

The summer of 1779 was a time of great public alarm, for added to the disastrous war in America, both France and Spain had declared war against England, and in the month of August their united fleets suddenly made their appearance in the Channel.

It may readily be imagined what a state of commotion existed in Plymouth at that time; and it was reported that French and Spanish troops had landed at Falmouth, whilst the combined fleets were throwing

bombs into Plymouth. All sorts of alarmist stories were current, and the state of the town was well expressed in the title of an old farce of the period, "Plymouth in an Uproar."

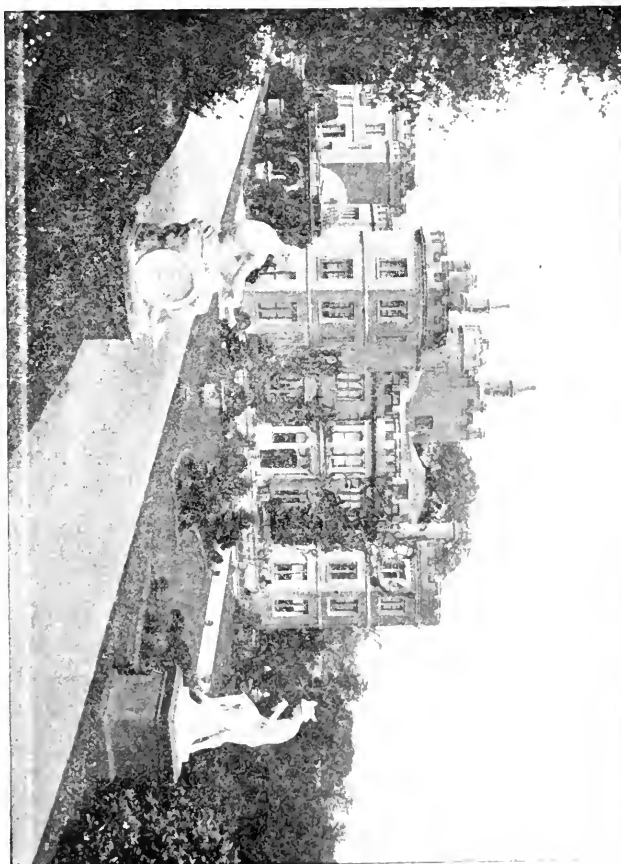
A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, writing from Plymouth, says :—

"On the evenings of the 16th, 17th, and 18th (of August, 1779), the combined fleets made their appearance off Plymouth, but to the astonishment of everybody, contented themselves with only looking at it. They were so near the land that the "Ardent," man-of-war, coming from Portsmouth to join Sir Charles Hardy, took them for his fleet, and went so close before she discovered her mistake that she was attacked, and, it is generally believed, went to the bottom."

Horace Walpole mentions this same circumstance in a letter to a friend, dated September 5th. "The 'Ardent,' he writes, "mistaking enemies for friends, fell among them; but Captain Boteler was thrown so little off his guard that it took four ships to master him, and his own sunk as soon as he and his men were received on board the victor's. The Admiral of the French Fleet, admiring his gallantry, applauded it. He modestly replied, 'You will find every captain in our fleet behave in the same manner.'"

Great preparations were made for a vigorous defence. The youth of all ranks joined the defending forces, and a large store of defensive weapons and ammunition came from the Ordnance Department. Orders were issued that, in case of a bombardment, the pavements in the streets should be taken up and removed, that the bombs might sink into the earth without bursting.

MOUNT EDGCUMBE HOUSE.





It was feared also by the officers commanding the troops that the woods of Mount Edgcumbe might be used by the enemy as a place of concealment during an attack upon the Dockyard; and there was a rumour afloat, it seems, that Lord Mount Edgcumbe had demurred to having his trees felled when urged to do so. "It is an entire falsehood," says the writer, "that his lordship objected to their being cut down." All that he said on the occasion was this—"If it be absolutely necessary for the preservation of the Dockyard that Mount Edgcumbe be destroyed you have my ready consent, even to the last shrub . . . [but] if you are not quite certain, then, for heaven's sake, let them stand." The Generals persevered in their opinion as to the danger, and the woods were immediately cut down, with the entire concurrence of the owner.

However, in spite of all this preparation, or perhaps in consequence of it, the combined fleets of the enemy did not remain long within sight of the Devonshire coast. They disappeared, and the fears of invasion were dissipated; for it appears that disagreements arose between the two commanders respecting the mode of attack, and that the haughty Spaniard withdrew from the scene of action—thus compelling the unfortunate Frenchman to withdraw also.

So ended all fear of invasion for that time at least, and may we hope for all time. We mentioned above that a play was written bearing upon this exciting time. This play, or musical farce, was entitled "Plymouth in an Uproar," and in the various scenes we get some very amusing and ludicrous pictures of Plymouth when the terrors of invasion were agitating

the minds of the inhabitants. Report (of course unfounded) has been brought in that the French have beaten back our ships, landed at Maker, and are marching upon the town itself.



MAKER CHURCH.

The people of Plymouth are in great consternation at the news, and are anxious by any and every means to remove themselves and their belongings out of the reach of danger. Of course there is the usual amount of love-making and intrigue, but the principal action takes place in the courtyard of a Plymouth inn, where a crowd is discovered, some loading carts and carriages, and all manner of vehicles, with trunks, boxes, portmanteaus, bundles, &c., while others are clamouring for conveyances, some half-dressed, others in different plights indicating fear, some with pokers, broom-sticks, &c.

People are haggling over the few conveyances that are available, and all are making frantic efforts to leave Plymouth behind them, and to escape to London, or to Dartmoor—the latter considered to be the haven of safety—anywhere out of the reach of the dreaded Frenchman—the Bogey man of those days.

From this little diversion we return to our narrative of the visits of illustrious strangers to our old town.

On the 9th of March, 1783, the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) was initiated into the ancient and honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, Lodge No. 86, at the Prince George Inn and Tavern (Payne's), in Vauxhall Street, then one of the principal inns in the town. Later he was presented with the Freedom of the Borough by the four senior Aldermen and Common Councilmen.

The same Prince was again at Plymouth in 1787, on his return from America. He took up his residence at Mr. Winne's, an eminent merchant of the town.

In the following year the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York arrived here on a visit to Prince William Henry. They viewed the Dockyard and Mount Edgcumbe and the Citadel, and after giving a ball at the Long Room, Stonehouse,\* returned to London; and in July Prince William Henry, in the "Andromeda," sailed for

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\* The Long Room, at Stonehouse, is situated within the Government Grounds near the Royal Marine Barracks, at Stonehouse, and was formerly used as an assembly-room. In the middle of the eighteenth century, this was the favourite resort of the élite of Plymouth and its neighbourhood. It is a large, elegant, and well-proportioned apartment, with a painted ceiling, and in its palmy days the walls were tastefully hung with arms of various kinds. It is now used as a school.

America, accompanied by the most fervent wishes for his safe return from the inhabitants of this town, who had been so highly favoured by his presence; indeed, his politeness and attention will never be forgotten.

We have before us an original letter written about this time which may interest our readers, as it relates to the Prince of Wales, and is signed by the redoubtable Lord Howe, of glorious memory:—

“Admiralty, 2nd January, 1788.

Sir, —No notification of the Prince of Wales' intentions to visit Plymouth having been made to the Admiralty, no official instructions can be given for His Royal Highnesses public reception at the Port, I, therefore, think you will do best to inquire through some of the gentlemen of his suite, whether he will please to be considered during his stay, in his public or private character. No salute can be less than twenty-one guns, on his embarking and disembarking from the ship he may think fit to visit. And his proper distinguishing flag not being at Plymouth, the Standard only remains for use; in case His Royal Highness prefers the public distinctions, when his pleasure is solicited on that head. These, I am inclined to think, he will forbid, and be little disposed to water-excursions, at this season of the year. And, in other respects, no deviation seems requisite, from the ordinary course of the service, in the regulation of your conduct.

I am, with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

(Signed) HOWE.

Vice-Admiral Graves.”

The next visit of importance was that of King George III. and the Royal family in 1789, John Cooban being then Mayor.

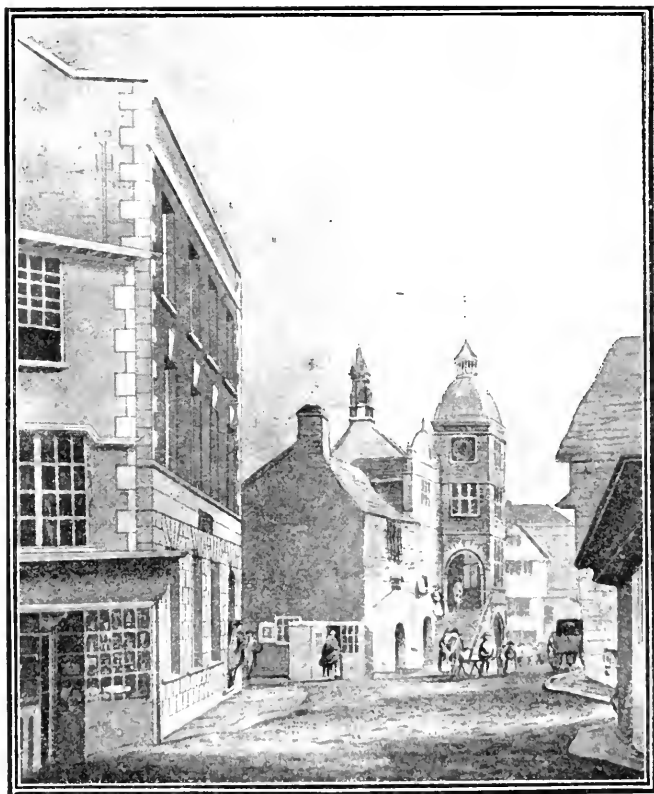
They left Weymouth for Plymouth on Thursday, the 13th August, arrived at Exeter the same evening, and after spending a couple of days in the Cathedral City reached Plymouth on Saturday, the 15th. They

stayed at Saltram, the seat of Lord Boringdon, afterwards Earl Morley, by whom they were royally entertained. Their Majesties' arrival was announced by a royal salute. In the evening Saltram House was brilliantly illuminated.

On Monday morning their Majesties, with the Princesses, left Saltram and entered the town. At the entrance of the town of Plymouth they were received under a triumphal arch by the Mayor and Corporation, and conducted to the bottom of Stonehouse-lane, where the Corporation took leave. They then visited the Dockyard, went on board the "Impregnable," returned to Saltram by water, attended by an immense number of sloops, barges, and boats, the forts, all the ships at anchor, and all the guns in Mount Edgcumbe Park, saluting them as they passed. On the next day (Tuesday) there was a grand Naval Review in the Sound, and on Thursday they visited the Citadel, the Gunwharf, the Victualling Yard, and other public establishments. On Friday their Majesties visited Mount Edgcumbe, on Saturday Maristow, on Monday and Tuesday of the following week they made excursions up the Tamar, and on Wednesday visited Cotehele. On the following day they left Saltram for Weymouth well pleased with their visit to the West and the reception accorded them by all classes of the community.

This is but a brief and matter-of-fact narrative of what must have been a very interesting and exciting time for the people of Plymouth.

After this, for some considerable time, there were no visits of particular importance to record, except that the officers of the Spanish and Portuguese fleets were



OLD PLYMOUTH GUILDHALL.—*Demolished 1806.*

entertained at dinner in the Guildhall by the Mayor, William Langmead, Esq., on the 29th October, 1809.

The Guildhall (now used as the Free Library) was then a new building, having been erected in the year 1800 on the site of two, if not three, previous Guildhalls, and it had none of the hoary antiquity and griminess which now characterise it.

In November, 1810, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, with his family and suite, landed at the old Victualling Office at Lambhay, the new Royal William Victualling Yard not having been completed until 1835.

We shall now leave the beaten track to place upon record a most interesting little bit of history, or rather a fact from the by-ways of history.

In a quiet corner of the graveyard surrounding the old parish church of St. Andrew is a simple stone slab which tells a true, but nevertheless, romantic history. To those who seek it, whether American or British, we would say that it is set against the wall of that fine old building, known locally as the "Abbey," on the south side of the church, and under the shade of the noble fig tree, which is one of the most noticeable features of St. Andrew's churchyard. The inscription on the stone, so far as it can be deciphered, runs thus:—

---

Sacred to the Memory of  
William Henry Allen, Esq.,

Aged 27 years,

Late Commander of the U.S. Brig "Argus,"

Who died August 18th, 1813,

In consequence of a wound received in action with  
H.B.M. Brig "Pelican," August 14th, 1813;

Also in remembrance of

Richard Delphy,

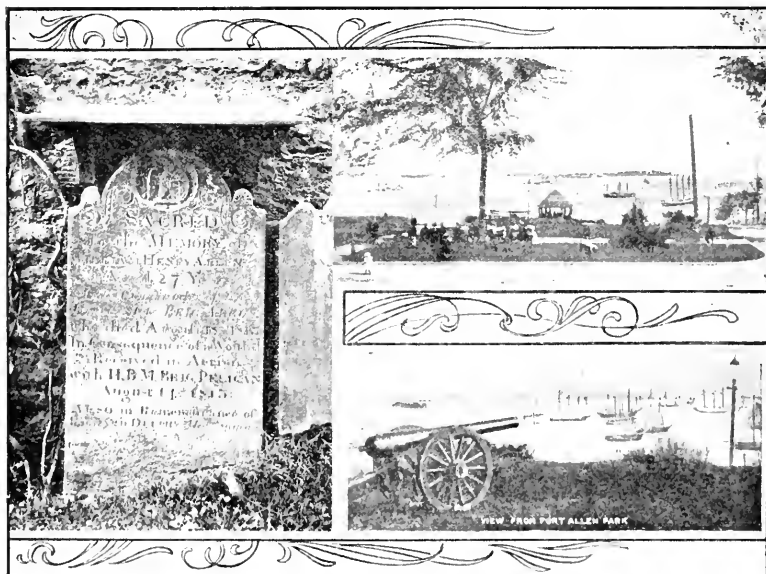
Midshipman, aged 18 years,

&c., &c., &c.

(The remainder of the inscription is indecipherable).

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It must be borne in mind that we were then at war with France and America, and that these naval duels were continually taking place. President Theodore Roosevelt, in his most interesting and graphic history of the Naval War of 1812-13, gives a detailed account of this action; but he does not narrate the pathetic circumstances which attended the death and burial of this brave young officer, or the local incidents which centre around that spot, making it sacred alike to American and Englishman.



MEMORIAL TO COMMANDER ALLEN, U.S.A., IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCHYARD, PLYMOUTH.

In the fight which took place before the U.S. Brig surrendered to the British, young Allen was severely wounded. He allowed his left thigh to be amputated



by his own surgeon at the close of the action, but died of his wounds a day or two later at Mill Prison, now the Millbay Barracks.

He was interred with military honours, his body being borne to the grave by seamen of the "Argus," and attended by eight British Captains of the Royal Navy as pall bearers, with hat bands and scarfs. In addition there were present most of the officers of the Royal Navy then in port, with many leading townsmen, clergy, and laity.

To show the appreciation in which our American cousins held their brave young officer, we may say further that at Portland, Maine, a public park has been dedicated to his memory, and in the city of New York a street is named Allen in his honour.

The physician who attended Captain Allen in his last hours was Dr. George M'Grath, chief medical officer at Mill Prison Depot, the same man who befriended the French and American prisoners who were incarcerated at Princetown in the early years of the last century. A fine monument to his memory is on the north wall of St. Andrew's Church, and he formerly resided in the house now known as the Lockyer Hotel, at the bottom of Lockyer Street.

We now come to a very notable event, and one which deserves more than the passing mention which we are able to give, an event which formed the subject of yet another of the historic windows in our Guildhall. We refer to the arrival of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte on board the "Bellerophon," in July, 1815.

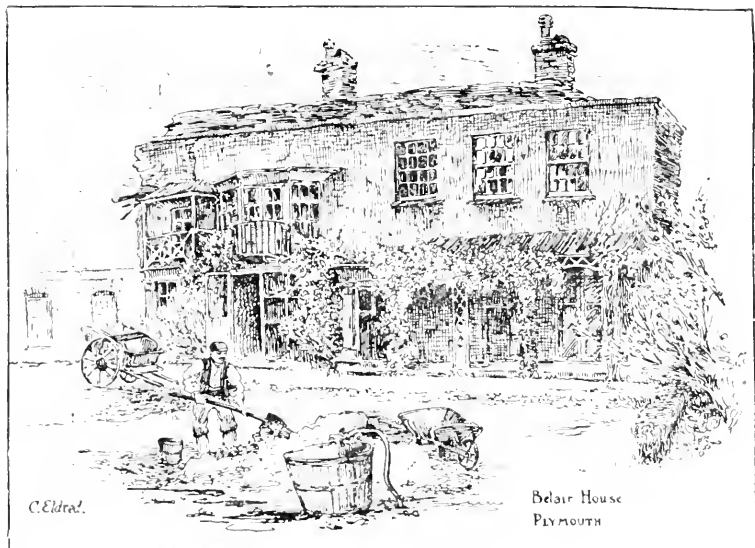
It is just possible that the grandfathers of many who read these pages were taken as children to see this

remarkable man, who for several years had been the terror of Europe. He remained in the Sound several days, during which time thousands of visitors came from far and near, and swarmed in boats of all kinds to the Sound, surrounding the ship and doing their utmost to catch a glimpse of old Boney, who was the bogey by which English mothers and nurses quieted their unruly children, but who was now become a prisoner of war.

The history of the incident and the various circumstances which led up to it is full of interest, but it is too voluminous to be set down here. It appears that the Emperor was not averse to being seen, so he frequently came on deck and placed himself in the gangway in order to gratify the curiosity of the crowd. A Plymouth artist, Charles Lock Eastlake, afterwards to become famous, and the President of the Royal Academy, was amongst the visitors, and studied the illustrious stranger so closely from the boat that he was able to produce a picture, which at the time gained great notoriety, and has now almost a priceless value. This picture was lent to the town on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association some years ago, and was naturally an object of much curiosity. Napoleon was afterwards conveyed to Saint Helena, where he died.

The "Napoleon" Window was presented to the town by Mr. J. H. B. Congdon, in memory of his father, Joseph Congdon. It represents the deck of the "Bellerophon." Lord Keith, Admiral of the Channel Fleet, is being introduced to Napoleon by L'Allemand. At the extreme right of the picture is Madame Bertrand, around whom stand the members of the staff and suite of the Imperial prisoner, a few of whom were permitted

to accompany him in his exile at St. Helena. At the left is Captain Maitland, the commander of the ship, behind him are two British tars, evidently well pleased that they have got "Boney safe at last."\* And so ends that episode.



Belair House  
PLYMOUTH

In 1817 His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester arrived in Plymouth, and was presented with the freedom of the borough; a similar honour being conferred on Bishop Carey on his first visitation in 1820, and on

\*This incident is further accentuated by the proceedings which took place at "Belair" House, Plymouth, which has recently disappeared, for in this historic mansion Napoleon's warrant of exile was signed, at the time when he was prisoner on board the *Bellerophon*, lying in Plymouth Sound and awaiting Government orders. This house, of which an illustration is given, was built by the Elphinstone family, and was at the time of Napoleon's arrival in the occupation of Captain Elphinstone. At that time Lord Keith was Governor of Plymouth, and the Admiralty despatches referring to him the question of where Napoleon was to be sent were delivered to him one night whilst he was at dinner with Captain Elphinstone at "Belair." A decision was arrived at on the spot by a Council of Officers present, consisting of Lord Keith, Captain Elphinstone, Sir Henry Banbury, and Admiral Sir Thomas Duckworth, and it was in the dining-room of this house that St. Helena was chosen as Napoleon's place of banishment, and the document signed consigning him to exile. The sketch is by Mr. C. E. Eldred, R.N.

the Right Hon. George Canning, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in 1823. The important speech delivered by this distinguished Statesman may be found in Knight's "Half-Hours with the Best Authors." It is well worth reading in consequence of its bearing upon British Foreign Policy at the time.

General Mina, "the patriotic Spanish chieftain," as he was called, landed here in 1823, and was received with lively demonstrations by the people. In the same year Charles Buonaparte (Count de Messoens, son of Prince Lucien Buonaparte), and family, put into Plymouth through stress of weather, and remained one night. The Archdukes John and Charles sailed from Plymouth in 1827, and in the following year Don Miguel was at Plymouth.

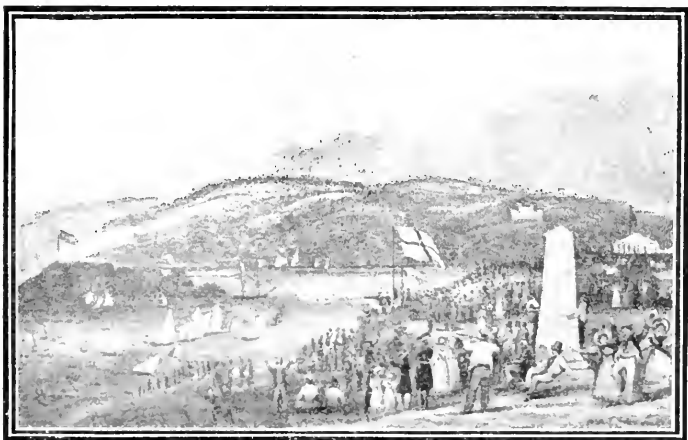
The same year the town was honoured with a visit from King William IV. (then Duke of Clarence), and during his stay he attended a lecture at the Athenæum, delivered by Mr. William Snow Harris (afterwards knighted) on Electricity. There is a pictorial record of this notable occasion preserved at the Athenæum Plymouth Institution

In 1829 the Duke de Chartres and suite arrived at Plymouth, and stayed at the Royal Hotel. In 1830 about three thousand Portuguese refugees arrived at Plymouth, to avoid the tyranny of Don Miguel, and were lodged at Coxside, being afterwards sent on to Brazil. In 1833 the Freedom of the Borough was conferred on Lord John Russell and Lord Ebrington, who were also entertained at dinner.

Closely linked with the story of Plymouth is the history of the Eddystone Lighthouse.

So much of our little book has been taken up by the recital of warlike affairs that we have had little opportunity of considering the more peaceful aspect of our local annals. It is therefore pleasant to turn aside for a brief interval and consider more pacific matters, thus verifying the truth of Milton's famous line—

“Peace hath her victories, no less renown'd than war.”



PLYMOUTH HOE ON REGATTA DAY, ABOUT 1830—*From a Picture by Turner.*

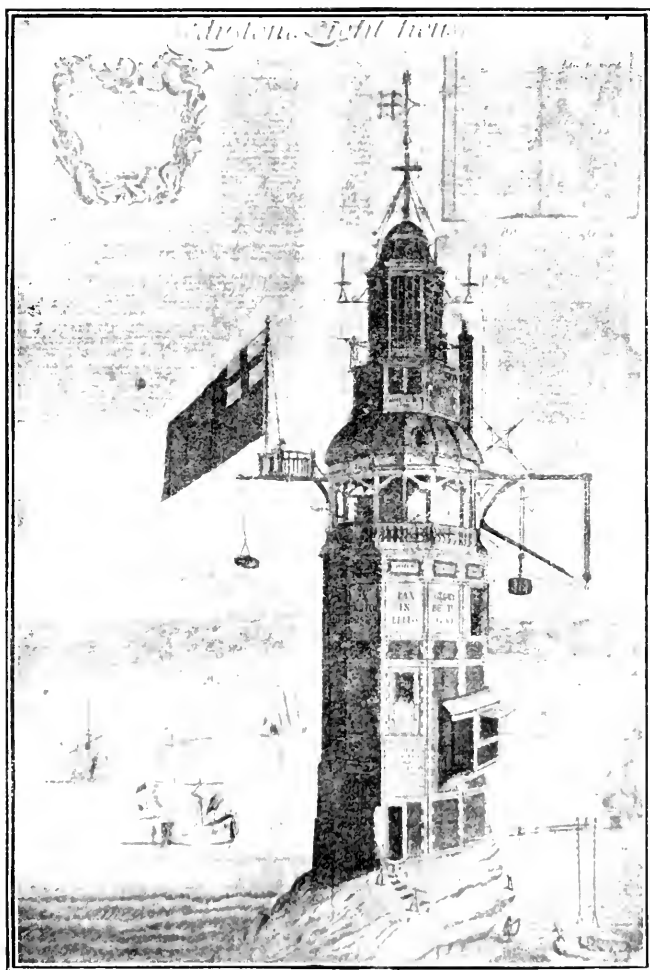
Viewed from the Hoe on a clear day, the tall tower of the Eddystone Lighthouse stands out clear and distinct, as if but two or three miles away, when in reality it is fourteen miles distant. A short account of this undertaking is full of interest and instruction.

Every Plymouth boy knows the Smeaton Tower, which now adorns Plymouth Hoe, and was brought stone by stone from the Eddystone reef to be relaid here; but everyone does not know that the Smeaton Lighthouse was the third erected on the reef of rocks known as the Eddystone.

Mr. Smeaton, in his great historical account of the various lighthouses, says :—"The many fatal accidents which more frequently happened to ships, by running upon the Eddystone rocks, made it desirable to have a lighthouse erected thereon for many years before a competent undertaker could be found, as from the exposed situation of the rocks, the difficulties of building on them appeared insuperable."

But in the year 1696 someone was found both able and willing to undertake the arduous and dangerous task. To Mr. Henry Winstanley, a gentleman of Littlebury, in Essex, belongs the credit of first waging war against the elements in the very stronghold of their dominion. In spite of the great difficulties which beset him at the outset, Mr. Winstanley persevered in his efforts, and eventually succeeded in raising a tower one hundred feet high, which, in spite of its somewhat grotesque appearance and character, stood seven years, succumbing at last (in 1703) to a tremendous storm which burst upon these shores. The noble and courageous designer, who was in the lighthouse at the time superintending some repairs, shared the fate of his structure.

Winstanley, it appears, was a somewhat eccentric man, and he had obtained a certain notoriety from the whimsical mechanisms with which he had embellished or encumbered his house at Littlebury; he was also the inventor and proprietor of a place of entertainment known as the Water Theatre at the lower end of Piccadilly. Either on the strength of this reputation or at his own suggestion, he was permitted to furnish the authorities at Trinity House with a design for a lighthouse to be placed on the Eddystone rock off Plymouth. The design was accepted, but sundry modifications took



WINSTANLEY'S EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE. — From an Old Print

place in it, and in the end he produced a building of a most fantastic character, largely composed of wood, with curious projections and ornamentations unsuited to stand heavy winds and rough seas.

Winstanley himself, however, fully believed in the stability of the building, for it is stated that being in the company of some friends previous to his going off with his workmen to repair some damages, the danger being pointed out to him, and that some day the lighthouse would certainly be carried away, replied:—"He was very well assured of the strength of his building; he should only wish to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens, that he might see what effect it would have upon the structure." His wish was granted, but he did not survive to tell the tale. On the 26th of November, 1703, the lighthouse was completely swept away, with Mr. Winstanley, the light keepers, and the workmen employed in the repairs.

There is a poetical and graphic account of this story given in a ballad by Jean Ingelow, entitled "Winstanley," which is well worthy of attention. But as it runs to more than seventy verses, we can but give a brief extract here; it might, however, with some advantage be included in the pictorial lessons of history to be read and learned in our schools. After recounting the earlier incidents in the inception and progress of the work, the writer continues:—

"Till up the stair Winstanley went  
To fire the wick afar;  
And Plymouth in the silent night  
Looked out and saw her star.



Winstanley set his foot ashore,  
 Said he "my work is done" ;  
 I hold it strong to last as long  
 As aught beneath the sun.

But if it fail, as fail it may,  
 Borne down with ruin and rout ;  
 Another than I shall rear it high  
 And brace the girders stout.

A better than I shall rear it high,  
 For now the way is plain,  
 And tho' I were dead, Winstanley said,  
 The light would shine again.

Yet were I fain, still to remain,  
 Watch in my tower to keep,  
 And tend my light in the stormiest night  
 That ever did move the deep.

And if it stood, why then t'were good,  
 Amid their tremulous stirs ;  
 To count each stroke when the mad waves broke,  
 For cheers of mariners.

But if it fell, then this were well,  
 That I should with it fall ;  
 Since, for my part, I have built my heart  
 In the courses of its wall.

Ay ! I were fain, long to remain,  
 Watch in my tower to keep ;  
 And tend my light in the stormiest night  
 That ever did move the deep.

With that Winstanley went his way,  
 And left the rock renowned,  
 And Summer and Winter his pilot star  
 Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

But it fell out, fell out at last,  
 That he would put to sea,  
 To scan once more his lighthouse tower  
 On the rock of destiny.

And the winds woke, and the storm broke,  
 And wrecks came plunging in ;  
 None in the town that night lay down  
 Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling graves,  
 And each flung up its dead ;  
 The seething flow was white below  
 And black the sky o'er head.

And when the dawn, the dull grey dawn  
 Broke on the trembling town,  
 And men looked south to the harbour mouth,  
 The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth sleep  
 Who made it shine afar ;  
 And then in the night that drowned its light  
 Set, with his pilot star.

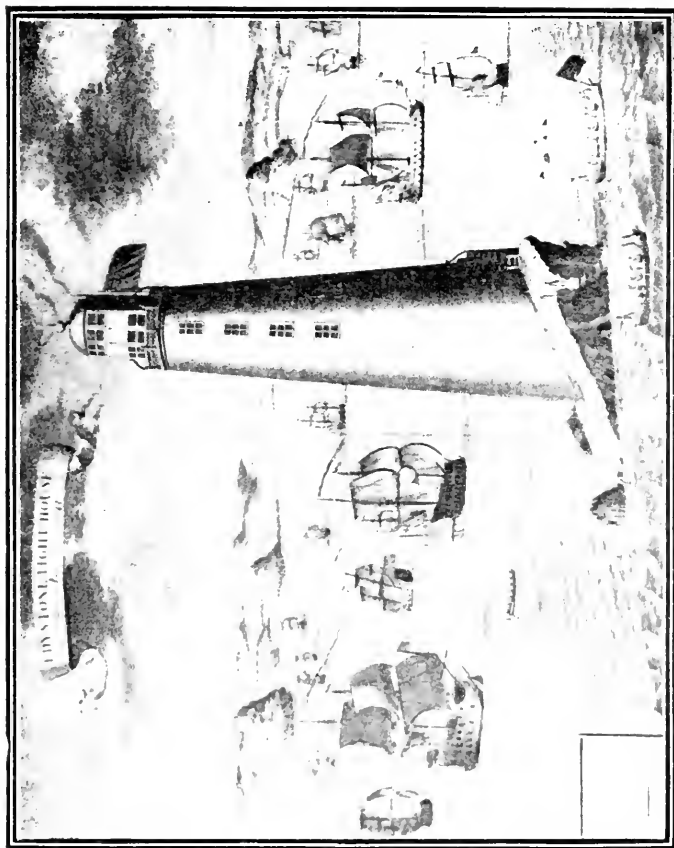
Many fair tombs in the glorious glooms  
 At Westminster they show ;  
 The brave and the great lie there in state.  
 Winstanley lieth low.\*

It is worthy of a passing note that while the work was in progress, Winstanley and his workmen were taken prisoners by a French privateer, and his work destroyed. By the intervention of the Admiralty they were released, and the work resumed.

Smeaton, in his interesting History of the Eddystone Lighthouses, gives an anecdote which, although not mentioned by Mr. Rudyard, shows the great estimation in which this building has been held by foreigners, even such as were, at the very time, enemies of this country. He says :—

“Lewis the XIV., being at war with England during the proceeding with this building, a French privateer took the men at work upon the Eddystone rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France ; and the captain was in expectation of a reward for the achievement. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction reached the ears of that monarch. He immediately ordered them to be released, and the captors to be put in their place, declaring that though he was

\*The above Poem is here reproduced by the kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.,  
 39, Paternoster Row, London.



RUDYARD'S EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE — From an Old Print.

at war with England, he was not at war with mankind. He therefore directed the men to be sent back to their work with presents, observing that the Eddystone Lighthouse was so situated as to be of equal service to all nations having occasion to navigate the Channel that divides France from England."

The loss of this lighthouse was reckoned a national calamity, and the fact that within a short time of its destruction the "Winchelsea," a homeward bound Virginia man-of-war was wrecked upon the spot where the lighthouse had stood, prompted another to follow the noble example of the ill-fated Winstanley.

In the spring of the year 1706 Mr. John Rudyerd entered into an engagement to erect another lighthouse on the same spot. This gentleman was a thoroughly practical engineer, and seeing the errors into which the designer of the first building had fallen, determined to avoid them, by making his structure as simple in form and barren in ornament as possible. Mr. Rudyerd's lighthouse was completed in 1709. It was of wood, in form and stability more fitted to bear the combined effects of wind and wave; but alas! it succumbed to another element which had not been taken to account, for it was totally destroyed by fire in 1755, having stood the storm and stress of more than fifty years. The escape of the light keepers was almost miraculous, but one man lost his life by swallowing a mass of molten lead that had poured down upon him from the burning building.

The next to essay this battle with the winds and waters was John Smeaton, whose name will ever be associated with this great and noble work. He was commissioned by the Brethren of Trinity House to build

another lighthouse—this time of stone. He commenced operations on the 3rd of August, 1756, and completed his work three years later, namely, on the 16th of October, 1759.

We need not enter into the details of the building, suffice it to say that it stood all the storms of that tempestuous spot for one hundred and twenty-two years, saving from destruction thousands of goodly vessels, which would otherwise have come to grief upon this treacherous reef, or upon the equally dangerous coast of Cornwall.

Far, far at sea,  
Where the winds blow free,  
And the waves in fury ride;  
Firm on the rock,  
'Mid the tempest shock,  
Stands the lighthouse in lonely pride.

Alone, alone,  
Where the surges moan,  
And the storm-fiends howl and rave  
Long hath it stood,  
Secure 'mid the feud,  
A beacon of hope on the wave

Dark tho' the night,  
Bright beameth its light,  
Piercing the gloom like a star—  
Pacing the deck,  
And fearful of wreck,  
The mariner hails it from far.

Blest be that light  
Which shineth so bright,  
E'en when the winds loudest roar;  
Long may it guide,  
Whatever betide  
The mariner safely to shore.

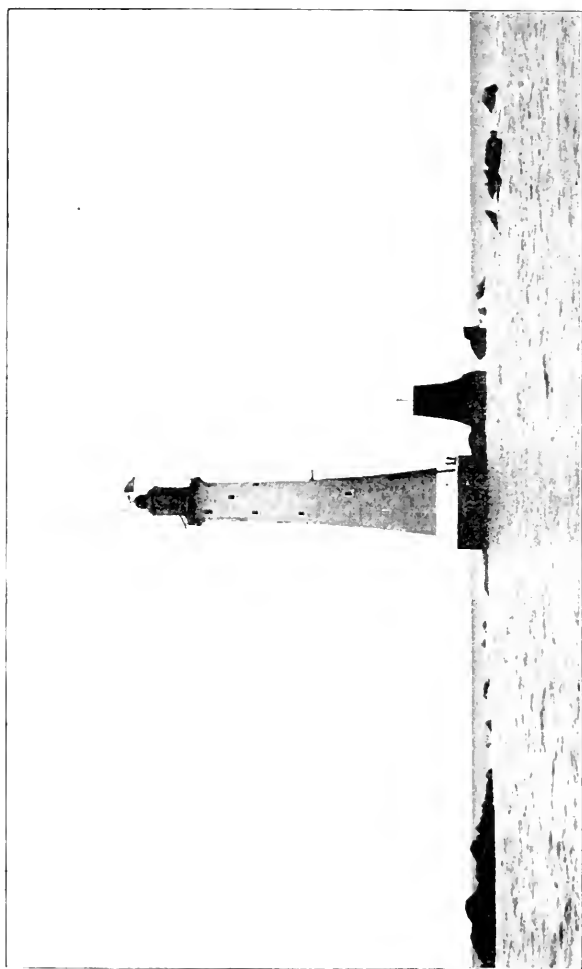
But adverse influences were at work, even this noble tower had to be superseded.

In the year 1877 an inspection was made, when it was discovered that, although the building itself showed no signs of weakness or decay, the rock upon which it stood was being undermined by the action of the sea, and on this account Smeaton's beautiful tower was condemned. It was consequently determined to build another lighthouse a little distance off, and to fit it with the most powerful lanterns obtainable, and with all modern appliances. This, which may be called the Douglas Tower, was commenced in 1879, and completed in 1882, the ceremony of laying the foundation stone being performed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh on the 19th of August, 1879. His Royal Highness also performed the ceremony of laying the top stone of the tower, and of inaugurating the lighting, three years later.

This tower is twice as high as Smeaton's, but it is after the same pattern, the shape of an oak tree. The cost of the structure was £78,000, and there are in it 2,171 granite blocks, containing 63,020 cubic feet, or 4,668 tons of masonry. The light from this tower is visible  $17\frac{1}{2}$  miles in all directions.

The old tower, or so much of it as could conveniently be removed, has been re-erected on Plymouth Hoe, where it stands as a memorial to posterity to the man who so successfully accomplished—without the skill and appliances of these latter days—such a magnificent piece of work.

The first stone of the re-erected building was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh on the 20th of October, 1882,



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

his Royal Highness, as the head of the Trinity Board, being thus identified with the work from first to last.

The Plymouth Breakwater is another of those mighty engineering enterprises which is closely allied with the Story of Plymouth. There it stands as the bulwark which guards our port from the effects of storm and flood.

As the lighthouse which we have just been describing was originally designed to warn mariners of hidden shoals, so the Breakwater was placed there to keep these toilers of the sea in safety when once they had entered our hospitable haven.

Previous to its erection the Sound was a most unsafe place of anchorage, and even the vessels within the harbour were exposed to the greatest danger during the prevalence of strong easterly or south-westerly winds. Now, thanks to the engineering skill of the architects, Messrs. Rennie and Whidley, Plymouth Sound is as safe as any harbour along the coast, and more secure than many of them.

This gigantic undertaking was commenced in the year 1812, nearly a century ago, and it took nearly thirty years to complete, the lighthouse being added many years later, viz., in 1841. The cost of this work was a million and a half sterling.

Seen from the slopes of the Hoe, the Breakwater appears but a thin dark line stretched across the mouth of the harbour, but when we say that it is three miles from the land, that its length is three thousand feet, and that there is room on its flat surface for several lines of tram rails; also that there is a navigable passage



at each end, some idea of the extent of this massive structure will be gained.

Resuming our record of Royal and other visits, we come to the Victorian era, and the several visits to the port and town of our late beloved Queen.

Her first visit was as Princess Victoria, in 1833, when she was accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The Royal party landed at the Dockyard, and remained at the Royal Hotel, an address being presented to them by the Corporation. During the visit new colours were presented to the 89th Regiment by the Princess Victoria.

As all who read this little history are aware, Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1837, on the death of William IV. She paid her first visit to the West as Queen in 1843, when she was accompanied by her royal husband, the Prince Consort. Her Majesty was escorted from the Dockyard through the Three Towns by the Mayors and Corporations; addresses were presented, bonfires were lighted on the Hoe, great festivities were indulged in, and the whole place was in a state of high jubilation, as may be supposed.

There were great rejoicings in Plymouth in June, 1838, in connection with the Coronation of Queen Victoria. The children of the schools assembled on the Hoe, the Mayor and Corporation went to St. Andrew's, old and young were regaled with good cheer in the Market, while all the chief employers of labour entertained their workpeople; processions, dinners, fireworks, and illuminations were the order of the day and night. Never had the old town looked more gay.

Similarly the day upon which the Queen was married to the Prince Consort was observed as a general holiday, and everywhere there was merry-making.

Three years later (August, 1846) Her Majesty and suite paid us another visit in the course of a yachting trip, and remained here several days. They were entertained at Mount Edgcumbe, Saltram, St. Germans, and Cotehele; and the Prince Consort went to Dartmoor to visit Tor Royal House, near Princetown. This and other visits are fully described by the Queen herself, in "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands." In very glowing language she speaks of the many beauty spots of the neighbourhood, and the loyal and hearty reception accorded to her. She was much impressed with the manifold delights of Mount Edgcumbe, while Cotehele, that fine old Tudor mansion, erected in the reign of Henry VII., and still kept up in its ancient state, had a peculiar charm for her. She sums up her impressions of the place in the following eloquent words—"Plymouth is beautiful, and we shall always be delighted to return there."

In the year 1846 the Duke of Wellington came to Plymouth to inspect the fortifications, and the result of his visit was the strengthening of the defences of the town of Devonport, which, in the course of a few years, became a walled town, with gates and draw-bridges. These were all removed again within living memory.

Another important event in the Story of Plymouth was the opening of the railway from Exeter to Plymouth in 1849, the line being called the South Devon Railway, afterwards merged with all the other Western lines

into the Great Western. Thus Plymouth was linked up with London and other parts of the country, and naturally gained commercially by the change.

The opening of the Royal Albert Bridge, which spans the River Tamar at Saltash, was another great development, which added considerably to the welfare of the Western land. Brunel's great masterpiece, inaugurated by His Royal Highness the Prince Consort in 1859, united the two Counties of Devon and Cornwall, rendering it possible to travel from London to Penzance and Falmouth by rail, though not without change of trains, owing to the difference of gauge. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort came down to perform the interesting ceremony of opening the Bridge, which was named after him.

This bridge was more than two years in course of construction, and was considered in its time as a masterpiece of engineering. Other bridges of greater length and magnitude have been erected since, but the bridge over the Tamar still stands for beauty and symmetry amongst them all, still eminent if not pre-eminent.

The marriage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (the present King) to the Sea King's daughter, Alexandra, was also a great day in the Three Towns. This was in 1863. There was a general holiday—the towns were decorated with flags, bands paraded the town, children assembled on the Hoe and sang loyal songs, and in the evening there were fireworks and illuminations on land and sea. As our readers know well, Edward VII. has always been a favourite with the people, and our beloved Queen gained our hearts directly she set foot upon our shores.

In the year 1864 the people of Plymouth had a passing glimpse of General Garibaldi, the great Italian Patriot and Liberator. He passed through the town on his way into Cornwall to spend a few days with his old friend and comrade, Colonel Peard, "Garibaldi's Englishman." The Mayor, Charles Norrington, with the ex-Mayor, William Derry, and others received him. The writer of these lines was amongst the small audience which crowded the platform at Millbay Station on that April day in the year 1864, and a bouquet was presented to the General by the Misses Norrington. These and others bade him God speed as he went off into Cornwall, there to be received at Penquite by his old comrade in arms, Colonel Peard. The General wore the familiar red shirt, and he was in every respect a notable figure.

Local history does not say very much about the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. These events happened during the years 1854-1856, and were fraught with considerable anxiety and sorrow to the community. Stirring scenes were witnessed at Plymouth as the troops embarked for the Crimea, many of the most famous regiments of the British Army passing through to the various barracks, or being billeted amongst the houses of entertainment, there not being room for them in the barracks. Then after a time there came back the remnant of those who went out so full of health and martial ardour; poor, broken men, attenuated companies, decimated regiments, "all that was left of them." Here also came the Russian prisoners, who were lodged at Millbay Barracks, and made a daily perambulation of the streets, becoming very friendly with the people of

the town, who purchased their toys and such-like things, enabling the poor fellows to obtain little luxuries not included in the prison fare.

Plymouth was face to face at that time with war and its consequences, and our people were not likely to forget the happenings during that fateful time.

The summer of 1865 was also a red-letter time in our local history; the great event was the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England in the Exhibition Fields at Pennycomequick, and the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales to grace the proceedings. At the same time an Industrial Exhibition for Devon and Cornwall was held in a field near the Hoe, on the site now occupied by the Grand Hotel and the Royal Western Yacht Club House. Both these shows were highly successful, and the town did its very best to greet the heir to the throne and his lovely consort, and to give a fitting welcome to the distinguished strangers who came on this memorable occasion.

The Prince of Wales, as Lord High Steward of the Borough, was again amongst us in 1874, when he opened the new Guildhall with great state and ceremony. Two windows in the building commemorate this event, the one at the extreme south-west corner, over the orchestra, depicts the actual ceremony; the other, the Masonic Window on the other side of the hall commemorates the holding of a great function by the Freemasons of the district, over which the Prince presided. Grand Concerts were held in the Guildhall, decorations were general throughout the town, illuminations and fireworks and all other kinds of jubilations were provided for young and old.

Many things have happened since then, many important functions have been carried out, and many valuable institutions have been inaugurated, some of them, perhaps, within the recollection of the youngest of our readers.

But these matters are too recent to be chronicled here; our main object—that of telling the story of Old Plymouth—having been attained; and those who, after reading this brief narrative, wish for more, can obtain the information they desire from the various Histories of Plymouth, by Llewellyn Jewitt, H. Whitfeld, and R. N. Worth.

There are a few matters, however, which ought to be set down here, matters from the by-ways of history, which materially affected the progress and prosperity of our town and district in the days of our fathers and grandfathers.

Take the matter of steamer transport, for instance. What excitement must have seized upon the people of Plymouth, when it was rumoured that the first steamboat was entering the Sound. This was in the year 1838 (the year of the Coronation of Queen Victoria). The steamship "Sirius," commanded by Captain S. S. Mould, arrived at this port from New York, bringing passengers and the mail, consisting of about three thousand letters and newspapers. She accomplished the passage in fifteen days twelve hours, a distance of 3,200 miles, and this was considered a great feat in those days.

Compare this with the exploits of our own times, when we hear and read so much of the quick passing of ocean liners across the Atlantic, and the record runs.

by rail, from Plymouth to London, conveying passengers and mails.

Time and space seem to be obliterated, and the sensation is like being whisked away at a rate almost too rapid for thought. An ocean liner now accomplishes the journey from New York to Plymouth in a little over five days, bringing perhaps a thousand or two thousand passengers (for these liners are veritable floating towns), and almost as many *bags* of mails in one ship as the "Sirius" of 1838 carried single letters. A marvellous change during a period of seventy years: but undoubtedly more startling changes are coming about in the twentieth century than we have here recorded as happening in the nineteenth century.

About the same time as that named above the superiority of Plymouth over other West country ports as a rendezvous for steam packets, especially those which carried the Mediterranean and West India Mails, was fully demonstrated, a Commission visiting the town for that purpose. We claim now-a-days more than ever that Plymouth is the best place at which to land the mails. Into these details it is not necessary now to enter; but of this we may be assured that the importance of Plymouth is going up by leaps and bounds.

Plymouth has likewise been deservedly famous as a colonizing port. We have already seen what important expeditions sailed from Plymouth Sound in the days of Queen Elizabeth; but the expeditions of the early Victorian era are no less remarkable or important than those which we have so fully described.

In the autumn of the year 1840 the Directors of the Plymouth Company of New Zealand gave a dinner at the Royal Hotel in this town in commemoration of

the sailing of the first ship from this port for our new Colony. The Earl of Devon presided, and there were four hundred guests present.

On that occasion it was publicly announced that the Government, which up to that time had been either antagonistic or lukewarm to the New Zealand schemes, had at last relented, and a letter was read from Lord John Russell to the Earl of Devon, assuring his lordship that the various objections hitherto raised to the proceedings of the New Zealand Company had been withdrawn, and that the promoters had full license to carry out their colonizing schemes as they thought fit.

In the annals of our ancient borough, famed for its Imperial spirit of Colonization, there have been few more eventful occasions than this public banquet, by which a seal was set officially, once and for all, upon the schemes for Colonization at the Antipodes.

Mention should be made also of the Canterbury Association, the founders of which included many West Country men.

Speaking at Christ Church, New Zealand, during his recent tour round the world, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales said:—"It is a great pleasure for us to come among you and see for ourselves the remarkable progress which has been made by this city and district since the Canterbury Pilgrims landed here fifty years ago." He went on to speak of "the courage and perseverance of the pioneers who had here established a New England bound to the old by the cords of love and affection."

As it was in New Zealand, so it was in Australia some years earlier. We have it on good authority that



a Plymouth merchant sent out the first shipload of emigrants to Australia, who went out as voluntary residents. It must be remembered that a century ago Australia was the "dumping-ground" of the crime of these islands, a mere convict settlement; and thither were sent the prisoners, the undesirables, for whom the old country had become too warm, and were thus sent to expiate their offences in a new land, under totally different conditions, and with some chance of an ultimate change of fortune.

Botany Bay was in those days equivalent to Dartmoor Prison or Portland Prison in our time, and it is marvellous to think that all these evil influences have passed away, and that we have in the vast population of our Australian Colonies as loyal and law-abiding a people as the Mother Country can claim as her sons and daughters. The old-time convicts have died out, and their progeny to a large extent now people Australia and the adjacent islands, and have become a prosperous and patriotic race, with self-government and sundry privileges which other Colonies do not enjoy. Our convicts and undesirables are now kept at home, cooped up within the gloomy walls of our great convict prisons, instead of being sent to the colonies, or on board one of the prison ships which were to be found within reasonable distance of our great towns in the days of which we treat.

Enough has been said, we think, to show that Plymouth in all ages has been in the forefront of our Imperial programme, and that to the enterprise of West-country men, England owes many of her great Colonial possessions, and her importance as a colonizing power.

It is scarcely credible that there are between forty and fifty places called Plymouth throughout the world. Most of these are located in the United States of America and Canada, where the New Plymouth of the seventeenth century set the fashion for other States and Districts. In New Zealand, in the Islands of the Antarctic Ocean, in the West Indies, in Tobago, in Africa, and even in Japan there are places rejoicing in the name of Plymouth, thus proving and emphasising Elihu Burritt's words when he spoke of this "the Mother Plymouth, sitting by the Sea, the Mother of full forty Plymouths up and down the wide world, that wear her memory in their names, write it in baptismal records of all their children, and before the date of every outward letter!"

But we are digressing, and must turn to other themes before we bring our story to an end.

Another topic which deserves more than a passing reference in any review of the history of Old Plymouth is its streets and street names, and incidentally its old inns and taverns.

Plymouth of early days (say before the nineteenth century) was very limited in extent, as may be seen by a glance at some of the old maps. In fact the major part of the town was to be found near the harbour, the houses for the most part clustered around the water-side; here, therefore, if anywhere, we shall find the most ancient and interesting relics of the old town, and the most noteworthy names, although, alas! many of the most historical have entirely disappeared. Many of those old street names possessed a significance of an

unusually interesting character from their connection with memorable events or celebrated people of past ages, bound up with our local history and traditions.



VIEW OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, PLYMOUTH. — *From an Old Print.*

An old writer, Sir William Davenant, who was poet laureate in the middle of the seventeenth century, has left us one or two dramas that are of especial local interest. One of them deals with the "History of Sir Francis Drake," but with this we have nothing to do at present; the other, "Newes from Plimouth," has more akin to our present purpose, for we find in the course of a conversation carried on by two seamen on board a ship in the harbour the following remarkable statement:—

"This town is dearer than Jerusalem after a year's siege. They would make us pay for daylight if they knew to measure the Sun-beames by the Yard. Nay,

sell the very aire, too, if they could serve it out in fine china bottels. If you walk but three turnes in the High Street they will ask you mony for wearing out the pebles."

This play was published in 1672, and gives us a very good idea of the sort of business men who occupied the shops in what was then the main thoroughfare and principal business street of the town.

Nearly every old town has its High Street, and in a great many old towns and cities, such as Exeter, we find North, South, East, and West Streets. It is not so in Plymouth; but the old High Street is full of memories, and no end of romances might be woven out of the traditions of this old highway.

Topped by the old Guildhall (not the comparatively modern building which now does duty for a Free Library, for this was only erected in 1800), we find ourselves in the very heart and centre of the municipal and business life of the town. For here, beneath the main building, a part of which stood upon stone pillars, was held the market; and here, on stated occasions, came the City Fathers to deliberate or to join in procession to the old Church over the way. And then down the steep street to the quays there were fine old-fashioned houses inhabited by the merchant princes of the town, the great sea captains, and the professional men. But its ancient glory has departed, its once noble mansions have either disappeared, or have degenerated into squalid rack-rented tenements where dwell the very poor.

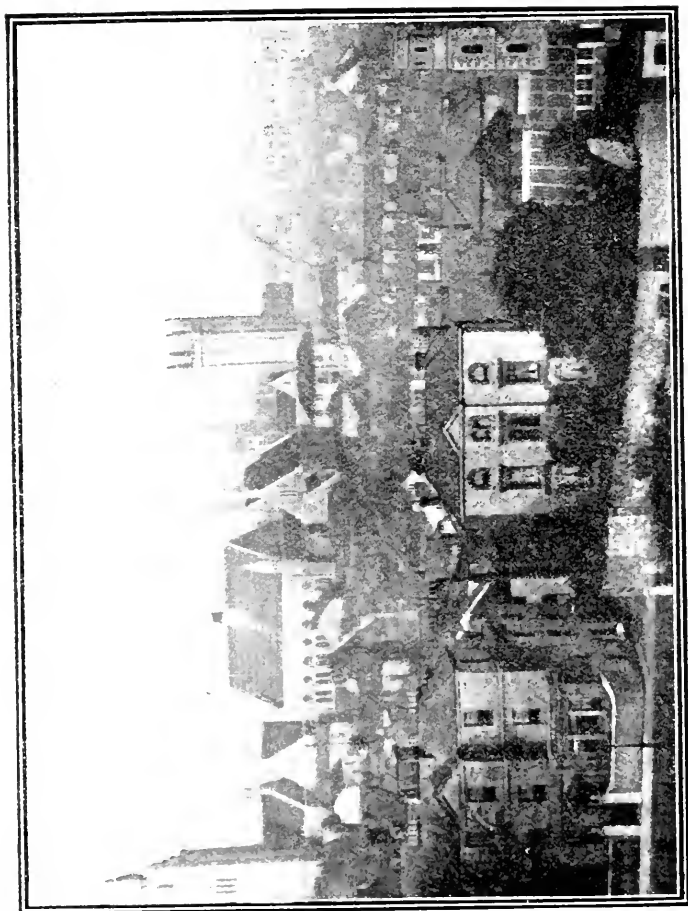
And then at the bottom of the street you come upon the Parade with the water flowing up to the foot of High Street, surrounded by tall warehouses and other

buildings, with a few private houses interspersed. In one of these houses Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, was born; while in a narrow street leading out from High Street was born that famous divine and Eastern traveller, Dr. John Kitto, who was in his youth a poor Plymouth Workhouse boy. A tablet has been placed upon the building which now stands upon the site of Kitto's birthplace recording the fact; would that other notable spots could be identified in like manner.

Old Town Street (formerly Old Town) and Old Town Without (meaning outside the gate) appears to be the most ancient of the existing street names. As all but the youngest of Plymouthians know, it was until recently a narrow thoroughfare, with quaint and tumble-down houses; but that it was a street of considerable importance may be gathered from the fact that several of the principal inns in the town were located there, notably the picturesque "Rose and Crown," the "Old Four Castles" (taken from the Town arms), the "White Hart," "The Cornish Inn," and the "Noah's Ark." These old inns were landmarks in our town's history.

Then we come to St. Andrew Street, called after the old Church, and mentioned in a deed so far back as the year 1386.

Briton or Breton side, as the name of what is now a portion of Treville Street, or Exeter Street, carries the mind back to the raids of the French or natives of Brittany early in the fifteenth century; while Castle Street, Castle Dyke Lane, and the Barbican recall the days of the strong "Castel Quadrate," of which one of the entrance works still stands at the foot of Lamblay



VIEW OF PLYMOUTH FROM THE CITADEL.

Street. This relic dates from the fourteenth century, and was a portion of the defences of the town against the French. The name Lambhay is also very ancient. New Street, at the back of the Barbican and Southside Street, now one of the oldest streets with the oldest buildings in the town, was new when Old Town Street was old.

Amongst other early names may be mentioned, in passing, Bilbury or Byllebury Street, Stillman Street (once Seven Stars Lane), and Note, Nut, or Notte Street.

Whimble Street again contained in the early part of last century many fine old half-timbered houses; but the street has been widened, all the old fronts have disappeared, the latest to take on a new garb being Picken's noted old licensed house. Treville Street, called after a notable family of Plymouth merchants, was at one time called Butcher's Row, but has now restored to it its older title. Frankfort Street memorialises the stirring days of the siege, and takes its name from Frankfort Gate, which stood at the junction of Bedford Street and Frankfort Street, and formed one of the outlying defences of the town at that time.

Kinterbury Street (at one time Colmer's Lane) was, like High Street across the way, one of the principal residential quarters of the town, for here, if rumour is to be credited, the notable family of the Hawkinses had their residence.

Trelawny had a town house in Whimble Street, at the eastern end, while the residence of Sir Francis Drake was in all probability at the junction of Buckwell and Looe Streets. The latter was for a time known as

Pike Street, the other name being the most ancient. In this street were many fine Tudor buildings, now nearly all demolished, and several good inns, notably the Pope's Head. Then in Vauxhall Street, not far from its junction with Looe Street, was the Old London Inn, where a century ago assemblies and festive gatherings were held and theatricals indulged in. But one of the most notable of the old inns of Plymouth was the Turk's Head, situated at the top of St. Andrew's Street, now replaced by the modern Abbey Hotel, by no means so picturesque a structure. There was another ancient inn called "The Mitre," in Woolster Street, but that has long gone into the limbo of forgetfulness.

The old "Globe," on the site of the present Prudential buildings, and the Globe Restaurant, was old undoubtedly, but not so old as some of the others named. Then there was the "New Tree Inn" (or the Island House), in Bedford Street, possibly the inn referred to in the play, "Plymouth in an Uproar." And so one might go on. There is ample field here for a lengthy dissertation upon the old inns and taverns of Plymouth, but we must return to our streets and street names.

Ham Street (now merged into Ebrington Street) took its name from Ham House, the fine old Trelawny mansion, which stands between Plymouth and Saltash; Vintry Street was once called Foynes' Lane, evidently after the notable Fownes's, a distinguished Plymouth family. Possibly also Finewell may be a corruption of Fownes' Well, as the family held property in this street.

This brings us to another group of names, viz., those ending in *well*. Some of them—as Westwell,



Buckwell, Finewell, Ladywell, and others—are ancient ; but Halwell, Harwell, Gilwell, &c., are more modern.

Buckwell was clearly the spot where good housewives used to “buck” or wash their clothes ; Westwell, which gave its name to the important thoroughfare in which stands the Guildhall and the General Post Office, recalls the days ere Drake brought the water into the town.

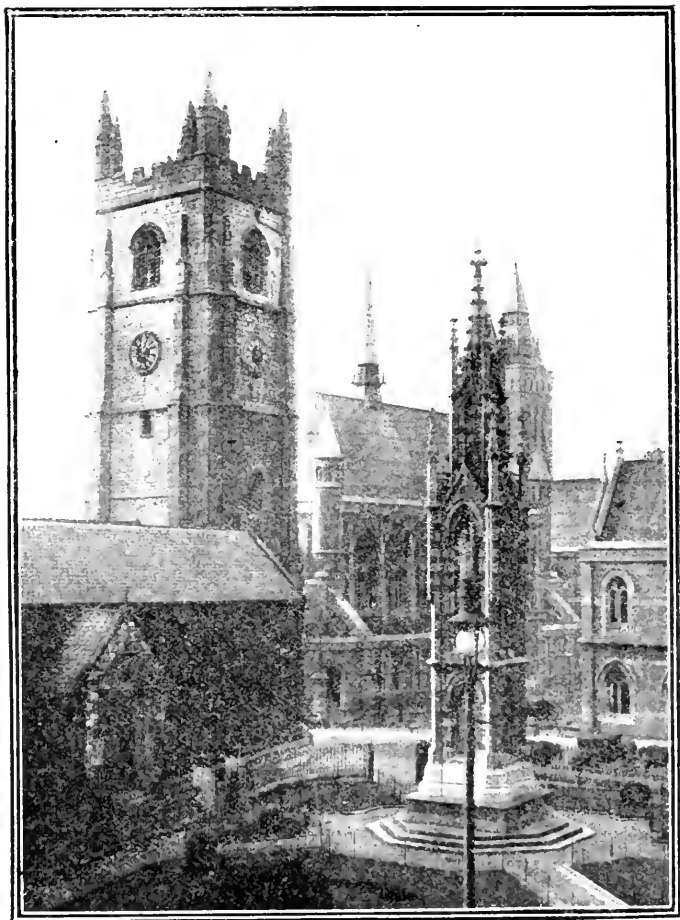
Westwell Street has had a variety of names ; it is marked on a very old map Love Street or Love Lane, and later it was called Burying-place Lane.

These frequent changes of name are very confusing, and are unaccountable.

Blackfriar's Lane has for centuries preserved the memory of the Dominican friars in the absence of all written record, and here to this day is concocted the famous Plymouth Gin, the fame of which is world wide, and the secret of which is supposed to have been handed down from the days of the friars centuries ago. At any rate there stands the Blackfriar's Distillery, with a great portion of the old Monastery still to be seen, and a very picturesque old relic it is without a doubt.

In another part of the town Whitefriar's Lane, Friary Court, Friary Street, and Friary Station in like manner keep alive the settlement of the Carmelites, or Whitefriars ; in fact the Friary Station, as well as the Roman Catholic Church in Beaumont Road, occupy the site of the Carmelite Monastery.

Catherine Street is supposed to have taken its name because it led to the Chapel of St. Catherine on the Hoe. It was also misnamed “Workhouse Lane” from



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH AND CROSS.

*As it is to-day.*

the fact that the old Workhouse or Hospital of Poor's Portion stood here, with other seventeenth century buildings, all removed to make way for the new Guildhall.

In the course of the centuries many of the old names have lapsed and new ones have taken their places, not always well selected; but this is too large a matter to go into here and now, and we fear it would not be interesting to our readers. We have pointed out some interesting localities, we have hinted at some interesting associations, and we need only suggest to those who are drawn to this topic that they should visit the various localities named and draw their own conclusions.

The names of a few Plymouth Worthies have been perpetuated in the local nomenclature.

As we might have expected, Drake holds the first place; thus we have Drake's Island (formerly St. Nicholas' Island), Drake Street, Drake's Place (that pretty little garden-like enclosure at the Reservoir in Tavistock Road), a most fitting name, for here stood one of the grist mills built by Sir Francis Drake on the course of the leat. Students of local history should visit this site and take note of the various memorials relating to Plymouth's water supply, including one of the old conduits removed from the top of Old Town Street. The most recent addition to Drake place-names is Drake's Circus in Old Town Street.

The name of Raleigh is associated with a somewhat insignificant street between Union Street and King Street; Frobisher, although not a Devonshire man, has a terrace named after him near the Citadel; the Lockyers are honourably associated with that fine thoroughfare leading

to the Hoe; Courtenay Street takes its name from one of the Prance family, who owned the land whereon the street was built; the Hawker's give a name to Hawker's Avenue; the Norley's to Norley Street; the Skardon's to Skardon Place; the Elliott's to Elliott Terrace and Elliott Street: Henry Boon, who was Mayor of Plymouth in 1414, may be the original of Boon's Place, but that is doubtful; the Tothill's to Tothill Lane, now Beaumont Road; the Sherwells, Elizabethan Merchants, to Sherwell Chapel and Sherwell Arcade; and there are streets still existing associated with many local names, such as Arundell, Edgcumbe, Glanville, Morley, Seymour, and a few others, but all these are attached to modern or insignificant streets, and have no connection with the historic past of which we have been endeavouring to treat.

It does, however, seem a pity that so few of our streets, squares, and public thoroughfares bear the names of distinguished townsmen, men who have done good service to the community. We fail to find the names of Baron, Bellamy, Bidlake, Condry, Fortescue, Harris, Haydon, Hele, Kitto, Jacobson, Johns, Moore, Mudge, Northcote, Prout, Reynolds, Rooker, Smith, Wightwick, Woolcombe, and many others who have left their mark upon our local history and have a claim to remembrance.

An attempt to break through the haphazard custom of street naming was made a few years since on the occasion of the erection of a group of workmen's houses at the east end of the town. This group bears the names of various members of the Committee of the Town Council, for the "Housing of the Working Classes" at the time. We do not commend this particular instance, but merely cite it as being in the right direction.

The question of street-naming is a most interesting one, and should be dealt with by some responsible authority.

Many references have been made in the foregoing pages to Plymouth Worthies, but much more might be said, if space permitted. Many celebrated men have claimed Plymouth as their birthplace—seamen, soldiers, poets, painters, divines, scientists, and writers, men whose names shine in the world of letters and of art. Although Drake was not a native, he was intimately associated with our old town, as we have already pointed out; the Hawkinses were a Plymouth family, and took a large share in the rough and rugged work of the times in which they lived; Raleigh was born at East Budleigh, but spent much of his time in this port; Frobisher was a Yorkshire man, but was associated with Drake and Hawkins in their many and daring enterprises. He died at Plymouth six years after the defeat of the Armada, and was buried in St. Andrew's Church.

It may be noted in passing that another great English Admiral, Blake, died on board his ship, the "George," at the very entrance of Plymouth Sound, 7th of August, 1657; his body was embalmed, and sent by sea to Greenwich, afterwards being interred at Westminster, but his heart was buried at the door of the Mayor's pew, in St. Andrew's Church.

Other notable men were buried in this old Church, to wit Sir Martin Frobisher and the great comedian, Charles Mathews.

Every school boy knows or should know that Sir Joshua Reynolds, the celebrated painter, and first President of the Royal Academy, was born at Plympton,



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

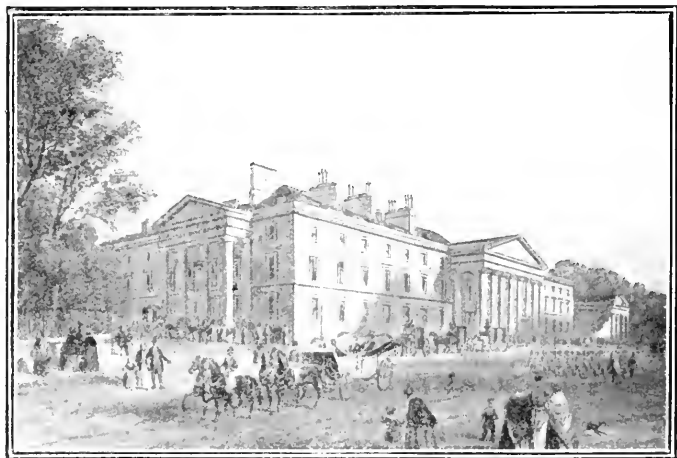
only four miles from Plymouth, but spent his early years in and around Plymouth and Plymouth Dock (Devonport), receiving his early commissions from the local noblemen—the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, the Earl of St. Germans, Lord Borington (the ancestor of Earl Morley), and other wealthy local patrons.

There was another remarkable man who attained great eminence as a painter, and also became President of the Royal Academy; we refer to Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, who was born on the Parade at Plymouth. It may be remembered that he painted the great historical picture of Napoleon on board the “Bellerophon” in Plymouth Sound.

Plymouth also claims as a son that talented, but ill-fated painter, Benjamin Robert Haydon, whose father kept a book shop in Whimble Street. He went to London, and studied art under some of the great men of his day; he became a famous historical painter, but was continually in financial difficulties, which in the end caused him to take his own life. One of his most striking pictures, “The Raising of Lazarus,” now hangs in the Council Chamber at Plymouth. On the opposite wall of that Chamber hangs another noble picture, “The Execution of Lady Jane Grey,” by Solomon Hart, also a native of Plymouth.

Besides these we might speak of Samuel Prout, one of the greatest artists of the picturesque England has ever produced; he was born at Plymouth. Of James Northcote, R.A.; the Condys, father and son; Philip Mitchell, A. B. Johns, W. H. Pike, Gibbons, Bernard Gribble, and a host more, living and dead, who have added lustre to this old town

Turning to the realm of science, we find several distinguished men connected with this town—Sir William Snow Harris, F.R.S., the famous electrician ; Dr. Jonathan Hearder, the blind electrician ; Mr. C. Spence Bate, F.R.S., a great authority on crustacea ; Dr. Leach, Dr. Huxham, Dr. Woolcombe, a noted physician, author of many works, and founder of the Plymouth Institution,



ROYAL HOTEL AND THEATRE, PLYMOUTH, ABOUT 1824.—  
*From an Old Print.*

established 1812 ; Dr. James Yonge, the earliest historian of Plymouth ; John Prideaux, a noted chemist ; William Cookworthy, a noted chemist of Plymouth, who was born at Kingsbridge, but established the Plymouth Pottery, the products of which are now so eagerly sought after by collectors. You may see a portrait of this gentleman in the Cookworthy Window in the Guildhall. He is wearing a full-bottomed wig, and is

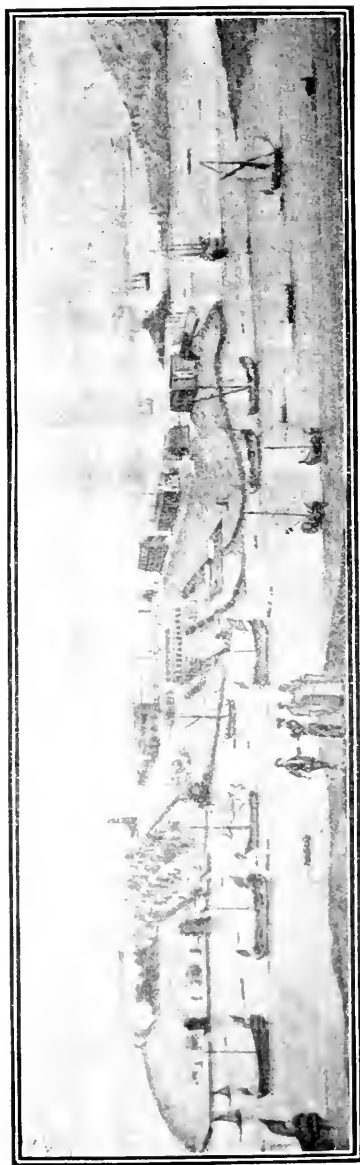


represented as showing some of his wares to a patron. The same window also contains two other Cookworthy portraits.

Of Divines, we can only mention a few. Dr. Robert Hawker, Vicar of Charles Church, the author of innumerable religious treatises; Dr. Zachariah Mudge, Vicar of St. Andrew's, whose noble bust by Chantrey occupies a prominent position in the parish church; Dr. Tregelles, a well-known biblical authority; Joseph Glanvil, divine and philosopher; Abraham Cheare, poet and theologian; George Hughes, ejected Vicar of St. Andrew's; Dr. John Kitto, already mentioned; the Rev. John Hatchard, for nearly half a century Vicar of St. Andrew's; the Rev. G. R. Prynne, the well-known Tractarian Vicar of St. Peter's, the author of many beautiful hymns and poems; the Rev. R. S. Hawker, of Morwenstow, one of the most popular amongst west country authors, who was born and died in Plymouth; and many more too numerous to mention.

Carrington, the Dartmoor poet, was born at Devonport; Mortimer Collins, a journalist and sweet poet, was a native of Plymouth; Nathaniel Howard, a local schoolmaster, was the author of poems and translations; Lord Monkswell, judge and poet; while of writers of lesser repute their name is legion.

Devonport claims, amongst others, Professor Robert Hunt, the eminent geologist; Professor J. C. Adams, astronomer, and the discoverer of the planet Neptune; Mr. G. T. Towson, a well-known writer on Navigation; Mr. C. S. Gilbert, author of the "History of Cornwall;" Mr. H. J. Daniel, poet and author of numerous Cornish Stories. Mr. R. N. Worth, the historian of Plymouth,



VIEW OF PLYMOUTH DOCK (DEVONPORT) IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—From an Old Print, by Pine.

was also born at Devonport; and last, but not least, may be named Sir William White, who for many years held the important position of Chief Constructor of the late Queen's Navy.

The story of Devonport (Plymouth Dock) would rightly fit in here. This story is so closely related to that of its elder sister that it is difficult to dissociate the one from the other, and yet the two towns have for several generations run independently the one of the other. Again and again the proposal to amalgamate has been in the air, but the conflicting interests are too great; hence, up to the present, we have Three Towns but one great community.

The town of Devonport, or as it was known up to the year 1824 "Plymouth Dock," was really an out-growth of Plymouth, and was at first but a small cluster of dwelling houses and necessary shops immediately adjoining the Dockyard. But from the date named the town began to expand, and great developments have taken place, especially in recent years.

It is a matter of fact that in the year 1801 the census proved that the population of Plymouth Dock exceeded by several thousand that of Plymouth; but this was in the very midst of war times, when the Dockyards and other Government establishments were exceptionally busy.

In 1832 Devonport and Stonehouse became a Parliamentary Borough, and in 1837 Devonport received its Charter of Incorporation, and from that time to the present has rejoiced in a Mayor and Corporation, the township of Stonehouse being under separate municipal administration.

Devonport is now, like its older neighbour, a County Borough, and, in conjunction with Stonehouse, returns two Members to Parliament.

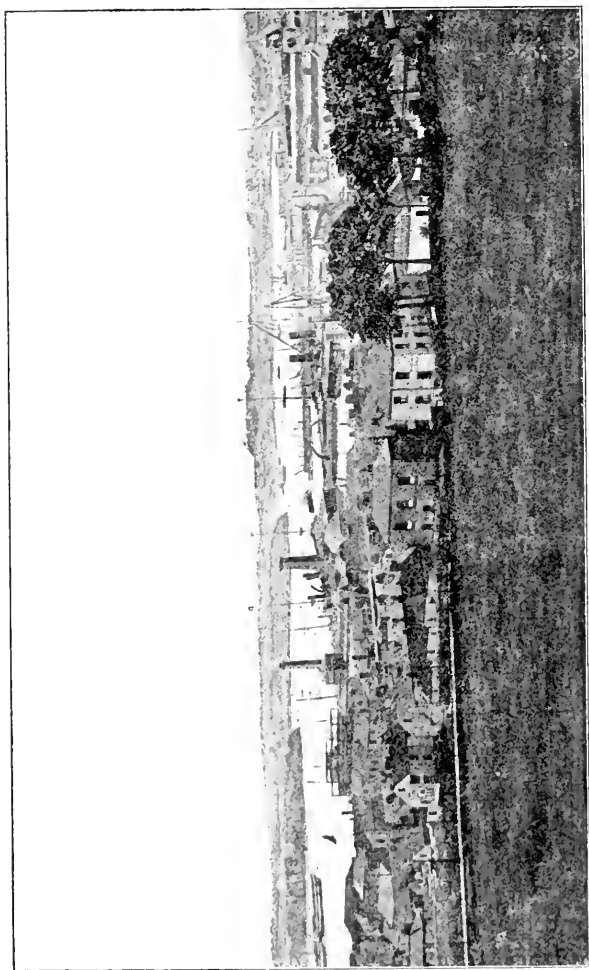
The Story of Devonport is really the story of the rise and expansion of the Royal Dockyards and Arsenal. From very small beginnings, in the reign of Dutch William, the Dockyard has risen to be one of the greatest Naval Stations in the world. It covers several miles of river frontage, it employs thousands of men, and can turn out battleships and cruisers with as great rapidity as, in the old days small ship building yards could turn out coasting vessels or fishing smacks.

Note the building and launch of the "Temeraire," the keel of which was laid early in 1907, and the vessel launched by the wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Devon (Earl Fortescue) on the 24th of August of the same year.

Devonport really deserves a story all to herself, for there is enough of incident and historical facts to fill a bulky volume, so closely is it allied to the sea and to the Naval Annals of England. The narrative, too, would be full of interest, especially to the rising generation. This being the case we hesitate to compress that story into a few pages, making it merely a foot-note to the Story of Plymouth.

Yet, although we may not adequately deal with this aspect of our subject here, we may give a few details to whet the appetites of our readers, and to induce them to look with some amount of eagerness for a fuller recital of the story one of these days.

We propose, in fact, to point out a few landmarks in the history of the town, these landmarks being taken



DEVONPORT AND KEYHAM DOCKYARD AND HAMOAZE.

as merely the headings of chapters in the story yet to be written.

As we have already pointed out, Devonport owes its existence to the Dockyard. If there had been no Docks there would have been no Devonport, no necessity for a town or the nucleus of a town so far away from the centre of life—Plymouth.

But in 1693 the Dockyard was established. There is in existence a fine panoramic view (an engraving) published in 1736, entitled "The West Prospect of His Majesty's Dockyard, near Plymouth." This gives a very good idea of the extent of the Dockyard and the town surrounding it in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Then again, there is another map or plan dated 1765, which was published by Donn, as a portion of a general map of Devon. It is entitled "A plan of Stoke Town and Plymouth Dock."

By this we see that the town consisted of a few streets converging on the Dockyard and the Barracks. The names of some of the streets are given, such as Fore Street, Princes Street, Morice Street, King Street, Queen Street, Katherine Street, North Corner Street, Duke Street, and Back Street; and these appear to comprise the whole of the residential and business quarters of the town at the time. The Barracks were included within the Lines, as the old fortifications were then called. The Docks themselves occupied a much smaller area than they do to-day, while Stoke was a small outlying village up near the Block House; Morice Town, Keyham, and Ford being practically unknown; these latter being the outcome of later enterprise and

subsequent generations, more especially since the establishment of Keyham Factory and the equally important adjunct—the Keyham Extension.

There was little or no communication between the towns as now, for the way to Plymouth or from Plymouth was over Mill Bridge, past the old parish church of Stoke Damerel, one of the most ancient churches in the neighbourhood.

So much then for Devonport in the middle of the eighteenth century.

If war ever made a town, that may be said of Devonport; for there is little doubt that it was during the long war with France that Plymouth Dock attained that position in Naval and Maritime affairs which she retains to-day, but in a far greater degree.

It would be an object lesson for the youth of our towns if they could be allowed to visit our Dockyard and initiated into the wonders of that vast establishment; if they could have it explained to them in simple language what an amazing amount of energy and skill, to say nothing of the mechanical appliances, which go to the building of a battleship; and then to be taken on board one of these leviathans of the deep, and to witness the marvellous arrangements which are necessary in one of these floating fortresses, to make them useful in time of peace, and terrible in time of war. That would be a lesson never to be forgotten.

Devonport has many landmarks, or rather places which commemorate her history. We can only mention a few.

First is the Commemorative Column, erected in 1824, when the town threw off her allegiance to Plymouth, and assumed an independent existence and a

new name. Then the Dockyard, commenced in 1693, vastly increased up to 1907, more than two centuries of ceaseless activity and herculean growth. Then the developments of Barracks for the Army, and the change from the floating hulks which used to accommodate our sailors to the palatial Naval Barracks on shore. Another admirable landmark is that popular institution, the Sailor's Rest, which has caused tens of thousands of blue-jackets to bless the name of Miss Agnes Weston. Technical Schools, Hospitals, Charity Schools, and a host more of public and philanthropic institutions testify to-day to the splendid exertions which the men of Devonport have made to bring their town up to the van in point of progress.

Taking all these things together it may truly be said that Plymouth and Devonport occupy a position almost unique in municipal and national affairs.

Of Stonehouse it is not necessary to say much. This little town accepts the overflowings of Plymouth, but although separated from Devonport by a natural barrier, is yet attached to that town in Parliamentary affairs.

The chief points of interest at Stonehouse are the Royal William Victualling Yard, founded in the reign of William IV., a statue of whom adorns the main gateway; the splendid Royal Marine Barracks; and the none the less palatial Royal Naval Hospital, where many a sick and wounded sailor or marine has found a haven of rest after stormy seas.

Our story draws to a close. We hope we have made it interesting; our aim has been to incite the youth of our population to take an interest in the





HAMOAZE AND DOCKYARD.

place of their birth or residence, and by these descriptive pages as well as by the illustrations which accompany the text to bring up before the mind's eye scenes and incidents of a stirring character in the history of one of the most notable old towns in Great Britain.

We finish by quoting a bright little poem, written by E. Philpot Crowther, the sentiment of which we fully endorse :—

### THREE TOWNS OF THE WEST.

Three towns that cluster round the shore, grey as their own grey rocks  
Draped in a haze of purple mist, that all description mocks;  
Wooded by the sun, kissed by the sea, blessed by the fruitful rain,  
Three towns as one they cluster round the vessel-bearing main.

God grant that long in friendship strong, through England's woe or  
weal,

Three towns may rise 'neath changing skies, in union strong as steel.

Three towns that queen it o'er the sea, and send forth gallant sons—  
Men fit to fight for home and right behind our British guns;  
Washed by the sea, girt round with rocks, and blessed with beauty  
rare,

Three towns as one they greet the sun, caressed by sea and air.

God grant that long, in union strong, through England's woe or  
weal,

Three towns may stand, on sea girt land, in friendship true and leal.

## BOOKS TO BE READ.

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The following is a brief list of books which will help the young readers of this little volume to obtain a more extended view of the "Story of Old Plymouth," its worthies, its historical and other associations, as well as the expansion of the British Empire and the history of the Navy, which has helped that expansion, and has given to the old town such a magnificent prestige. No attempt at classification has been attempted, but the titles are roughly grouped in a manner which, it is hoped, may add to the usefulness of the list:—

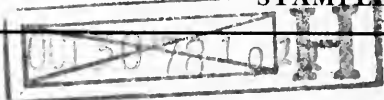
- "Westward Ho! or the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Anvas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the Reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth." *By Charles Kingsley.*
- "Francis Drake, the Sea King of Devon." *By George M. Crowle.*
- "For God and Gold," a story of Sir Francis Drake and his Voyages. *By Julian Corbett.*
- "Sword and Pen: or English Worthies in the Reign of Elizabeth." *By Walter Clinton.*
- "The jolly Roger," a story of Sea Heroes and Pirates. *By Hume Nisbet.*
- "The Golden Hind," a story of the Invincible Armada. *By Charles Robinson.*
- "Clare Avery," a story of the Spanish Armada. *By E. S. Holt.*
- "A Sea-Dog of Devon—a Life of Sir John Hawkins." *By R. A. J. Walling.*
- "When Hawkins Sailed the Sea," *By Tinsley Pratt.*
- "Sea-Dogs All," a tale of Forest and Sea. *By Tom Bevan.*
- "How Britannia came to Rule the Waves." *By W. H. G. Kingston.*
- "England's Sea Victories." *By Charles Rathbone Low.*
- "The Fighting Lads of Devon in the Days of the Armada." *By W. N. Grayson.*
- "Remarkable Adventure of Walter Trelawney, Parish Prentice, of Plymouth, in the year of the Great Armada." *By J. S. Fletcher.*
- "Drake and the Dons; or Stirring Tales of Armada Times." *Edited and arranged by Richard Lovett, M.A.*
- "Under Drake's Flag," a tale of the Spanish Main. *By G. A. Henty.*
- "Knighted by the Admiral: or the Days of the Great Armada." *By Crona Temple.*
- "An Old-Time Yarn," wherein is set forth divers desperate nushances which betell Anthony Ingram, of Plymouth, and his shipmates, who adventured to the West Indies and Mexico with John Hawkins and Francis Drake (1567). *By Edgar Pickering.*
- "Golden Galleon," being a narrative of the adventures of Master Gilbert Oglander, and of how, in the year 1591, he fought under the gallant Sir Richard Grenville, in the great sea-fight off Flores, on board Her Majesty's ship the "Revenge." *By Robert Leighton.*
- "My Mistress the Queen," a tale of the Seventeenth Century. *By M. A. Paull.*
- "Shore and Sea: or Stories of Great Vikings and Sea Captains." *By W. H. D. Adams.*
- "The Dragon's Drum," a comedy in one act, by Major W. P. Drury, in a volume entitled "Men at Arms." (It gives the story of the Knighting of Francis Drake by Queen Elizabeth).
- "The Island Race," poems by Henry Newbolt. Contains "Admirals All," "Drake's Drum," &c., &c.
- "Andrew Goodfellow," a tale of 1805, by Helen H. Watson. (Story of Plymouth and Plymouth Dock in the days of Nelson).
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